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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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'The Worst Place'

THE CONGO WAR is killing tens of thousands of people per month and is widely believed to be the world's gravest humanitarian emergency. For that reason alone, we in the West should be doing everything possible to end it. But, in case the people of eastern Congo needed an additional claim on our conscience, they happen to have one: The roots of the current war lie in the Rwandan genocide—perhaps the costliest error of inaction in the recent history of U.S. foreign policy. If we had acted differently in 1994, in other words, Congo might not be suffering now.

That year, after slaughtering 800,000 Rwandan Tutsis over a period of three months, Hutu extremists were chased by their country's new Tutsi-led government into eastern Congo (then called Zaire), where they began launching attacks into Rwanda. In response, Rwanda surged over the border to secure a buffer zone—overthrowing Zaire's government (led by the infamous Mobutu Sese Seko) in the process. This event sucked a total of six nations into a pair of wars within Congo's borders (one from 1996 to 1997, the other from 1998 to 2003) that claimed millions of lives.

Through it all, the Hutu *génocidaires*—who now call themselves the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Rwanda or FDLR—never disappeared from eastern Congo. And so, today, Rwanda's leaders are supporting a proxy army, the National Congress for the Defense of the People (CNDP), whose brutal leader Laurent Nkunda promises to protect the Tutsi diaspora in Rwanda's old buffer zone, even as he also threatens to topple the Congolese government. That government, now led by the son of the man who overthrew Mobutu, has hurled ineffective waves of its own troops at the CNDP while continuing to nurse the FDLR as a counterweight to both Nkunda and the Rwandans.

Rebel leader Laurent Nkunda

AP PHOTO/JEROME DELAY

The effect of this fighting on civilians has been horrific. When the armies move, they inevitably kill, loot, rape, and abduct—forcing hundreds of thousands to move to refugee camps where they die of malaria, diarrhea, and wounds from sexual assault. The Congolese army, the FDLR, and the CNDP have all adopted systematic rape as a strategic tool. As a Center for American Progress report put it, "eastern Congo right now is perhaps the worst place in the world to be a woman or a girl. The sexual violence and rape exists on a scale seen nowhere else in the world."

Solving eastern Congo's problems will not be simple, but those who study the situation agree that there are concrete steps we could be taking to help. The first, and most important, task is to figure out some way to protect civilians. There are currently 17,000 U.N. troops on the ground in the region. But, despite having a broad mandate that entitles them to use deadly force, these troops have too often stood by while combatants rape and pillage. The U.N. contingent is disorganized (its new commander recently quit after just a few weeks on the job), overburdened, and apparently reticent to fully implement its mandate. This needs to change. The Security Council has called for 3,000 more peacekeepers, and some of our European allies are considering answering the call. The incoming Obama administration should make clear to these allies that the United States backs this effort wholeheartedly and should offer to provide airlift capabilities to support them. And we should insist that the peacekeepers already in Congo begin using any means necessary to protect civilians from assailants on all sides.

Simultaneously, we should signal a serious commitment to ending the conflict by appointing a high-level Congo envoy who will set up permanent shop in the region and lean hard on Rwanda, Congo, and Nkunda to demobilize. The United States has had friendly relations with Rwanda since the genocide; now we must use our diplomatic leverage to tell its leader, Paul Kagame, that he cannot continue to enable the CNDP's campaign of terror. At the same time, Congo must be convinced to call off its brutal, incompetent army and relinquish all support for the FDLR. If necessary, Hillary Clinton or even President Obama should travel to the region to personally deliver these pointed messages to the leaders of Rwanda and Congo.

Finally, some of the 3,000 additional troops slated to arrive in Congo should conduct an operation intended to kill or capture the FDLR's leaders—many of whom are wanted for genocide. This would remove the key irritant to relations between Congo and Rwanda and deprive Nkunda's army of its ostensible raison d'être. It would also right an historical injustice and send a strong message to all parties that human rights abuses can no longer be committed with impunity.

American officials have spent years apologizing for the failure to stop the Rwandan genocide in 1994, and apologize they should. But even better than apologizing would be something else: taking steps to mitigate the ongoing fallout from that horrific episode and our own failure to stop it. That means doing everything we can to protect the people of eastern Congo, and doing it now. ◆

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Scared Yet?

The Wall Street Journal's punctuation fetish.

JONATHAN CHAIT

There are so many things that make *The Wall Street Journal* editorial page a source of personal fascination—the undying faith in voodoo economics, the staunch defense of executive privilege and disdain for independent counsels during Republican presidencies alternating with disdain for executive privilege and staunch defense of independent counsels during Democratic presidencies—but perhaps the most intriguing is the wildly promiscuous use of quotation marks. Over the years, it's become an obsession of mine.

Like most of us, the *Journal* uses scare quotes to signify that a term is misleading. A 2007 editorial on climate change complained that "political and media activists attempt to stigmatize anyone who doesn't pay homage to their 'scientific consensus.'" As a matter of grammar, if not as a matter of fact, this is perfectly clear: The *Journal* believes no scientific consensus on climate change exists. Likewise, the *Journal* holds that tax cuts do not reduce revenue and will unfailingly scare-quote any term that implies otherwise—i.e., "The estimated 'cost' of this fix to the Treasury over 10 years would be some $632 billion."

The *Journal* also uses the device to imply skepticism about phenomena it finds ideologically inconvenient. Thus terms like "the deficit" and "inequality," if they must appear at all on the *Journal* editorial page, are constantly set off in scare quotes. ("With all the political and media chatter about 'inequality' these days …") Is there any way to read this other than as an implication that the government's books have been balanced for years and all Americans enjoy exactly the same level of income?

Other uses of scare quotes so defy convention as to suggest a novel dialect of the English language. One editorial assailed legislation that would legalize "lower-cost 'generic' copies of biopharmaceuticals." Another complained, "we can expect a spate of 'analysis' stories purporting to tell us just how much America's top executives are making." Yet another—siding with Hank Greenberg against Eliot Spitzer—sputtered, "Mr. Spitzer's Starr 'report' claimed that Mr. Greenberg had benefitted from 'self-dealing.'"

TRB
"From Washington"

Clearly, the *Journal* stands against, respectively, generic drugs, news analysis about CEO salaries, and accusations against Hank Greenberg. But the scare quotes seem to imply that the *Journal* further believes generic drugs are not actually "generic," news analysis is not actually "analysis," and Eliot Spitzer's report was not, in fact, a "report." (Would the *Journal* accept the term "dossier"? "Formal statement"? "Published finding of facts"?) As for the quotes around "self-dealing," it's not clear whether the editorial was repeating a verbatim phrase from Spitzer's report—sorry, "report"—or suggesting that "self-dealing" is a mythical activity, sort of like witchcraft, concocted by anti-corporate leftists to smear business owners.

The *Journal*'s fixation with the scare quote is one of the great journalistic marriages between medium and grammatical device. For one thing, it perfectly suits the *Journal*'s passion for scandal-mongering. Recently, I was perusing *Whitewater, Volume VI*, the last in a series of a half-dozen bound collections of *Journal* editorials fulminating against the Clinton administration and its multitudinous sinister plots. Scare quotes, of course, can be found throughout, decorating terms like "professionals" (the staff at the Justice Department) and "unproven" (the Filegate scandal, of which the administration was later exonerated by the independent counsel).

The scare quote is the perfect device for making an insinuation without proving it, or even necessarily making clear what you're insinuating. A mundane fact—say, Paul Gigot taking a colleague to dinner—translated into *Journal* editorial-ese would be rendered, "*Wall Street Journal* editorial page 'editor' Paul Gigot recently patronized a 'legitimate business establishment' with his 'associate.'"

And scare quotes express the page's voice in a way no other writing style could. This is especially clear when, as happens from time to time, an editorial whips itself into a frenzy of scare-quoting that can be halted only by the physical limitations of the printed newspage. Consider the following passages, all of which come from a single editorial published last month:

> "Universal" government-run health care proved too ambitious even for FDR, who stripped it out of the Social Security Act of 1935.
>
> These private plans would then "compete" with a new public insurance option, i.e., a program managed by the government and modeled after Medicare. Lower-income earners would get subsidies to make coverage "affordable."
>
> The draft doesn't include an exact cost, though casually notes the ballpark "investment" could run as high as $150 billion a year.
>
> As for the claim that centralizing health spending will lead to more "efficiency" …
>
> [F]ederal officials will run not only the new plan but also the "market" in which it "competes" with private programs …

Taken as a piece of straight writing, this editorial would appear to be the expression of some kind of mental disorder. But, if you read it in the spoken voice, it's not only reasonable but a perfectly apt expression of the *Journal*'s editorial sensibility. The page's perspective is that of the business tycoon peering down disdainfully at the peons who deign to challenge him. Imagine the above passages spoken in the voice of Potter from *It's a Wonderful Life* ("Why don't you go to the 'riff-raff' you love so much and ask them to let you have 'eight thousand dollars'?") or the Emperor from *Return of the Jedi* ("From here you will witness the final destruction of the 'Alliance' and the end of your insignificant 'rebellion'").

The scare quotes also serve as a shortcut for the inattentive reader. Imagine a busy manager, quickly skimming over an editorial. He might come across a phrase like "the deficit," and suppose it's a bad thing, or "affordable" health care, and suppose it's a good thing. The scare quotes would usefully signal the appropriate response: "Affordable" health care? Bah! The downside of this practice is that it's also a shortcut for the writers, allowing them to wallow in their ideological prejudices without spelling out their empirical premises. But maybe the *Journal* doesn't really consider this a "downside." ◆

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You deserve a factual look at . . .

The Forgotten Refugees

Why does nobody care about the Jewish refugees from Arab lands?

The world is greatly concerned about the Arabs who fled the nascent state of Israel in 1948. But no mention is ever made of the Jewish refugees from Arab lands. Their history is as compelling and arguably more so than that of the Arab refugees from Israel.

What are the facts?

Jews in Arab countries. Jews have lived since Biblical times in what are now Arab countries. After the Roman conquest, Jews were dispersed, mostly to what are now the Arab countries of North Africa and the Middle East. Many Jews migrated to the Iberian peninsula – Spain and Portugal. They were expelled from those countries at the end of the 15th century. They mostly migrated to the Arab countries, where, by now, they have been living for almost 500 years, many Jews for over 2,000 years.

There is a myth that Jews had an easy life in Muslim/Arab countries. The opposite is the case. Jews under Islam were treated as second-class citizens and worse. The relationship was governed by a system of discrimination, intended to reduce the Jews in those Arab countries to conditions of humiliation, segregation and violence. They were excluded from society, from government, and from most professions. They were barely tolerated and often, under the slightest pretext or no pretext at all, were victimized by vicious violence.

When Israel declared its statehood in 1948, pogroms broke out across the entire Arab/Muslim world. Thousands died in this violence. Their homes and businesses were destroyed, their women violated. The vast majority of those Jews fled from where they had lived for centuries. They had to leave everything behind. Most of those who were able to escape found their way to the just-created state of Israel.

Over 850,000 Jews were driven from Arab countries, most of them in 1948, at the birth of Israel. Most of the remainder were chased out during or immediately following the Six-Day War in 1967, when, in fury about the disastrous defeat, the "Arab street" erupted and subjected its Jewish population to bloody pogroms. Israel received every one of those Jewish refugees from Arab countries with brotherly open arms; it housed, fed, and quickly integrated them into Israeli society. They and their descendants now make up more than one-half of the country's population.

Jews in Arab Countries

	1948	Now
Algeria	140,000	0
Egypt	75,000	100
Iraq	135,000	100
Lebanon	5,000	100
Libya	38,000	0
Morocco	265,000	5,700
Syria	30,000	100
Tunisia	105,000	1,500
Yemen	55,000	200

A different history. It is instructive to compare the history of those Jewish refugees with that of the Arabs who fled from Israel during its War of Independence. There were about 650,000 of them. Most left following the strident invocations of their leaders, who urged them to leave, so as to make room for the invading Arab armies. After victory was to be achieved, they could return to reclaim their property and that of the Jews, all of whom would have been killed or would have fled.

In contrast to the Jewish refugees, who were quickly integrated into Israel, the Arab countries resolutely refused to accept the Arab refugees into their societies. They confined them into so-called refugee camps. Those camps are essentially extended slum cities, where their descendants – now the fourth generation – have been living ever since. The reason for the Arabs' refusal to accept them was and still is the desire to keep them as a festering sore and to make solution of the Arab/Israel conflict impossible. These "refugees," whose number has by now miraculously increased from their original 650,000 to 5 million, are seething with hatred toward Israel and provide the cadres of terrorists and suicide bombers.

The Palestinian refugees occupy a unique place in the concern of the world. Since 1947, there have been over 100 UN resolutions concerning the Palestinian refugees. But there has not been one single resolution addressing the horrible injustices done to the nearly one million Jewish refugees from the Arab states.

There have been many millions of refugees in the wake of the Second World War. With only one exception, none of those refugee groups occupy the interest of the world and of the United Nations in a major way. That one exception are the Palestinian refugees. In fact, a special branch of the United Nations (UNRWA) exists only for the maintenance of those "refugees." In the almost sixty years of the existence of this agency it has cost many billions of dollars, most of it – you guessed it – contributed by the United States.

Jewish refugees from the Arab countries are the forgotten refugees. The world, and especially of course the Arabs, claim compensation from Israel for the Arab refugees and insist on their return to what has been Israel for over 60 years. The Jewish refugees from Arab countries, all Israelis now, have no desire to return to their ancient homelands, where they had been treated so shabbily and so brutally. But if there is to be any compensation, those forgotten Jewish refugees are certainly entitled to such compensation as much as the Arab refugees. Anything else would be an outrage and a great injustice.

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The Mall

Workers' Paradise

Obama's team of grinds.

After 37 years on Capitol Hill, Pete Rouse, Barack Obama's Senate chief of staff cum White House senior adviser-in-waiting, is known for three things: his mastery of the job (as former Senate minority leader Tom Daschle's chief of staff, Rouse became known as "the 101st senator"); the loyalty he inspires among those who have worked with him (whose numbers are legion); and the cats. Two big, silky Maine Coons named Moose and Junior, Rouse's beloved felines are a source of affectionate humor among current and former colleagues. The gruff 62-year-old keeps photos of the kitties scattered around his office. He obsesses about their well-being (when Moose's predecessor, Earl, passed away in 2003, Rouse was bereft), is a sucker for cat-themed knickknacks, and has guided fellow staffers into adopting their own furry friends (Maine Coons, naturally). Some observers suggest, ever so gently, that Rouse's cat devotion is related to his lack of a personal life. A legendary workaholic in a town where the competition for that distinction is fierce, the (unmarried, childless) Rouse is said to have little time for outside-the-office distractions. There's his occasional Friday night out for an Ivy League hockey game and the one week of summer vacation in August. But, beyond that, Rouse is all about the job. "Pete Rouse is always working," e-mails one fan/colleague. "The first one in the office and the last one to leave." It is a long-term lifestyle that only a cat could love.

Rouse's reputation as a two-cat-no-life workaholic should provide a comforting welcome to Arizona Governor Janet Napolitano, Obama's choice to head Homeland Security. Napolitano is also single, childless, and famously committed to her career. Hearing of Napolitano's appointment, Pennsylvania Governor Ed Rendell declared his fellow chief executive perfect for the post because she has "no family" and "no life" and thus can "devote literally nineteen, twenty hours a day" to the job. Rendell's remarks were derided in some quarters as sexist. But in his defense, we are talking about a woman who, when asked by *Phoenix Woman* how she unwinds after a long day, replied, "When I come home at night, I read all the papers, memos, legislative bills, and letters that accumulated during that day. … Then I read a good book. I always read two books at a time—one fiction and one nonfiction." In fact, Napolitano's intense job focus and unmarried status have, in the past, spurred whisper campaigns about her sexuality, prompting the governor to quip that she's not a lesbian, "just a straight, single workaholic."

Happily, Napolitano should also fit right in with White House chief of staff-in-waiting and renowned workaholic Rahm Emanuel, who, as a congressman, was known for calling up staffers and reporters alike at all hours. Loath to miss a minute of the action during this fall's negotiations over the $700 billion financial bailout, Emanuel sought a waiver from his rabbi to allow him to work through Rosh Hashanah.

This is not to suggest that Obama oldtimers are complacent slackers: Family confidante and soon-to-be White House senior adviser Valerie Jarrett has an all-hours BlackBerry–cell phone double-fisting habit that, whatever else it achieves, makes her a thrill behind the wheel. (Trust me on this.) One of Chicago's savviest political players, Jarrett's m.o. has long been to outwork those around her—a particular challenge in her early years of single-parenthood. (Daughter

WHITE HOUSE WATCH *With* **DREW FRIEDMAN**

Blago's been a very naughty boy.

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Laura is now all grown up and ensconced at Harvard Law.) Back in the summer, Jarrett recalled to me how, at one point during her tenure as Chicago Mayor Richard M. Daley's deputy chief of staff, she was lectured by Daley's wife, Maggie, for working too hard. "She told me, 'You have got to take one day a week off to be with your daughter.' I said, 'I can't do that.' And she said, 'The mayor doesn't work on Sunday, why should you?' " Jarrett's compromise was to start taking Laura along to weekend work functions.

The list of known and suspected Obama work-obsessives stretches on and on. There's Peter Orszag, the incoming head of the Office of Management and Budget, who colleagues say is responsible for lots of 5 a.m.-ish e-mails; incoming deputy chiefs of staff Jim Messina and Mona Sutphen; economics guru Jason Furman; Cabinet Secretary–designate Chris Lu; and Secretary of State–designate Hillary Clinton. Of course, some suggest it all started with campaign manager David Plouffe, who isn't transitioning to the administration, but whose keep-your-head-down-and-work-your-ass-off style established the model for Obamaland early on.

Whatever the origins, a defining characteristic of the emerging Obama White House is its proud embrace of the work-all-hours, sleep-is-for-wimps, personal-lives-would-be-nice-if-only-there-were-time ethos. Ironically, Michelle Obama has talked about how she wants to help Americans improve their work-life balance during her tenure as First Lady. Before moving on to the general public, though, she might want to start with the people who work for her husband. Because, whatever other change Obama ultimately brings to Washington, he has already put the workaholics back in charge.

This move stands in vivid contrast to the much-ballyhooed culture of laid-back family-friendliness touted by the incoming Bush administration in 2001. (Remember how adviser Karen Hughes was going to establish a White House in which working moms like her could thrive?) In part, the reversion is a by-product of the times: President Bush came to power with no clear crises looming, whereas Americans today are frantic for President Obama to doggedly attack problems on both the domestic and foreign fronts, work-life balance be damned.

But the difference is also—and arguably more—a function of presidential temperament. George W. Bush, an extravagantly laid-back guy himself, evinced a disdain for the sweaty, striving meritocrats so characteristic of the Clinton White House and made it clear that he valued a less-driven atmosphere. (Perhaps it all goes back to those snotty, "intellectually superior" jerks who chafed W.'s haunches at Yale.) Bush envisioned himself atop a lower-key administration run with crisp corporate efficiency and no-nonsense decisiveness. (Work smarter, not harder!) The genial Andy Card, Bush's first chief of staff, was in particular known for his easygoing manner and indulgence of moms who needed to slip out for afternoon school functions.

To be sure, Washington being Washington, Bushworld was never quite the work-life Eden advertised. For every Andy Card, there was a Type A hard-charger like Ken Mehlman, Karl Rove, or Josh Bolten (who, it must be noted, eventually replaced Card). Heck, even Card reportedly rose at 4:20 each morning, stayed at the office not infrequently until 10 p.m., and spent most weekends working. Karen Hughes, meanwhile, fled Washington after just a year and a half because of the job's strain on her family. No matter: Right up to the end, the perception of the Bush White House—and the self-conception that the president obviously preferred—was of a place where time could always be made for a little brush-clearing.

Obama's initial approach appears markedly different. Even in a city known for its strivers, his appointees seem to be a disproportionately intense bunch. On one level, this is precisely what you want in unsettling times. But it may also prove trouble down the road. Burnout is a risk in any White House, and already some Obama devotees with children have expressed concern about how their schedules will mesh with family life. (Not that this has stopped most of them from signing on, mind you.) What happens a year or so into Obama's tenure, when the brutal work-til-you-drop culture starts pushing scores of idealistic staffers into therapy, divorce court, or even the private sector? In the relentless crucible of the White House, how can Obama avoid driving his über-committed workforce into the ground?

I have four words for the new president: Inaugural kittens for everyone.

Michelle Cottle

Man in the Mirror

Who is Jim Jones?

When General James Jones testified before the Senate Committee on Armed Services in September 2007, he had an opportunity to make a dramatic impact on the contentious Iraq war debate. Jones, whom Barack Obama has tapped to be his national security adviser, had just finished chairing a special panel that assessed Iraq's security forces, and was presenting its findings. With his long and unblemished military leadership record, his imposing six-foot-four-inch frame, and his laconic wise-man's demeanor, Jones had the highly attentive ear of both Congress and the press. A damning assessment of Iraq's prospects would embolden Democratic arguments that it was high time to withdraw. An upbeat assessment would empower Republicans insisting Iraq could still be saved if Americans would be patient.

Remarkably, Jones managed not to disappoint either side. Instead, he trod what *The New York Times* called a "finely nuanced" middle path. Jones said the Iraqi police force was rife with corruption and sectarianism—but that the Iraqi army was improving. He agreed with Democrats who argued that the United States should begin troop withdrawals and affirmed their core view that the surge's security improvements had not led to political progress. "It is clear in your report . . . that the Iraqi government will struggle to continue to achieve [a] national reconciliation," Hillary Clinton, a surge opponent and advocate for withdrawal, declared with satisfaction. But Jones also warned that a withdrawal deadline as proposed by the likes of Clinton would be "against our national interest." "I find the report to be extremely encouraging," exulted Iraq hawk Joe Lieberman. A headline in the next day's *Washington Post* neatly summed up the proceedings when it proclaimed Jones "Gen. Rorschach."

Jones somehow maintained this inkblot style through the presidential campaign. He privately advised Obama, even after publicly appearing with his old friend John McCain—making him one of a tiny handful of people who probably would have been picked for a top slot regardless of which candidate won the election. How does Jones pull it off? Much of the explanation is that no one can pin down his worldview enough to find fault with it. Jones is "pretty much a black box," says one Democratic foreign policy staffer on Capitol Hill. "He doesn't have a personal agenda," says Fred Graefe, a Washington

ANTHONY RUSSO

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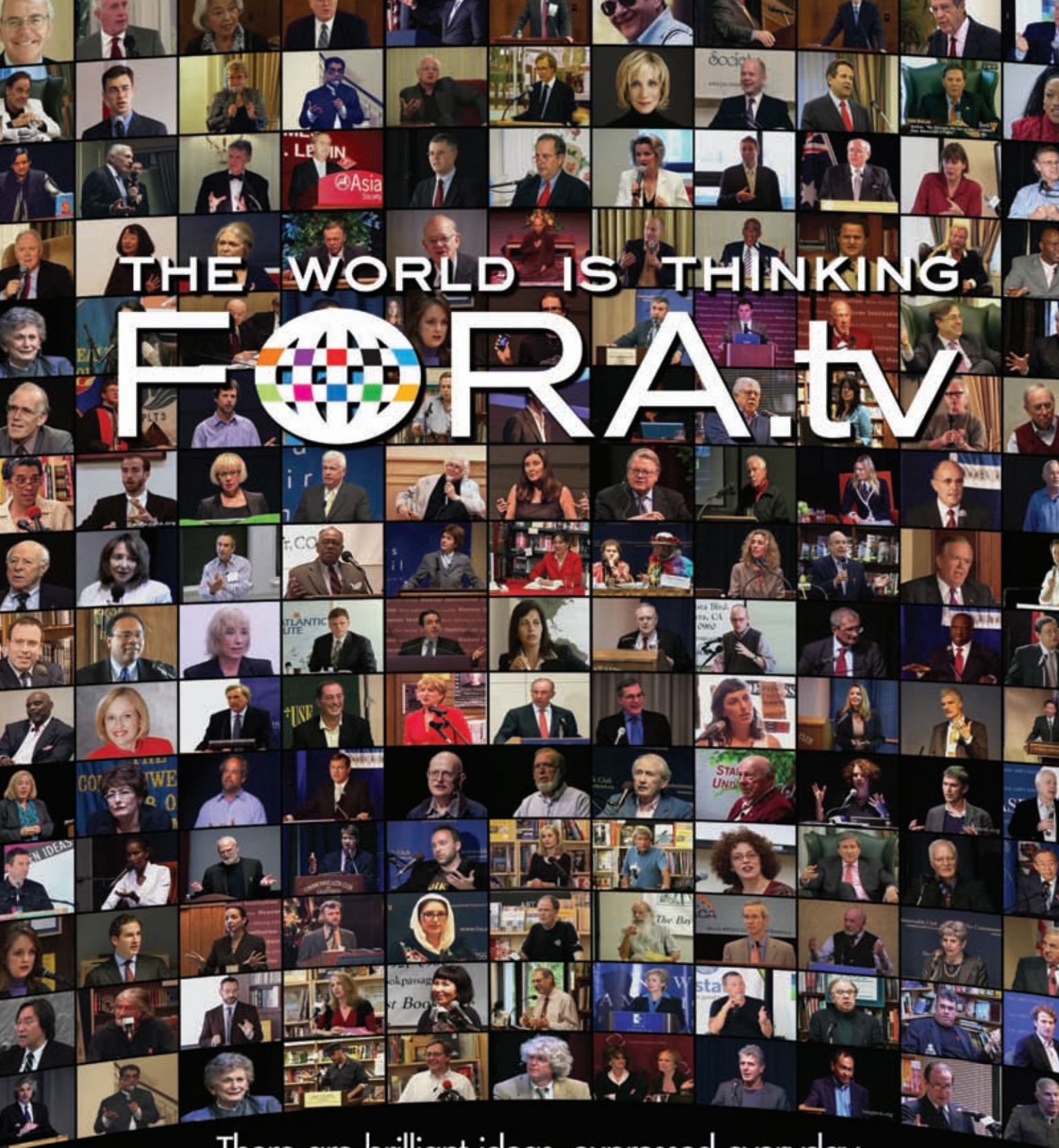

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lobbyist who has been a close friend of Jones since they served in Vietnam 40 years ago and claims not to know even whether he is a Democrat or Republican. "He's a little bit of a mystery," adds another Democrat who closely watches foreign policy for a special-interest group.

Jones, to be sure, is not a complete mystery: He is an internationalist by nature—though he is also less dovish, particularly on Iraq, than some people may understand. But it's true that his record suggests someone more interested in management than in grand vision—and someone who, unencumbered by strong ideological leanings, can evaluate ideas dispassionately whether they come from left or right. This probably helps explain why Obama picked him. With a foreign policy team dominated by strong figures like Hillary Clinton, Susan Rice, and Robert Gates, Obama does not need a national security adviser with big ideas; he needs someone smooth as a diplomat and tough as a Marine. Which just happens to describe Jim Jones.

Like Colin Powell, Jones is that rare uniformed official whose soft diplomatic touch helps him talk to generals, congressmen, and foreign leaders alike. The son of an international businessman, he grew up in Paris and graduated from Georgetown's School of Foreign Service before joining the Marines. After beginning as a platoon commander in 1967, he rose through the ranks to become Marine Commandant in 1999. Four years later, he returned to Europe, taking over as supreme allied commander of NATO. As he accumulated medals, Jones also honed his political skills. In the 1970s, he worked on Capitol Hill as the Marines' Senate liaison. (Jones worked from a desk next to McCain, who then represented the Navy.) And his time at NATO "showed his skills as a mediator and coordinator—skills the national security adviser needs, especially with powerful cabinet secretaries," says Matthew Waxman, a former deputy to Condoleezza Rice at the National Security Council. (Rice, a big fan of Jones, twice courted him to take the State Department's number-two post.)

European diplomacy probably came naturally to a man who was raised in France—learning the native tongue first—until he was 17 years old. The experience also left Jones with a keen awareness of America's image abroad. "He talks all the time about how he was raised in France," says Graefe. "His memory of post–World War II France is of how they loved and respected Americans in uniform." That, combined with an oft-cited 2005 episode from Bob Woodward's book *State of Denial*—in which Jones advises his old friend Peter Pace not to accept an appointment as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff because of the arrogance of Donald Rumsfeld and "the debacle in Iraq"—may have given some Obama supporters the impression that the new national security adviser is a uniformed dove.

But that's not quite accurate. There is no evidence that Jones thought the Iraq war was a bad idea or offered substantial resistance before the invasion. The public record shows him more focused on tactical questions, not the strategic rationale itself. In the run-up to the war, Jones was busy trying to convince Ankara to allow a U.S. thrust across Turkey's southern border into Iraq—an effort that failed. It's important to remember that, at the time Jones called Iraq a "debacle" to Pace in 2005, he was expressing a pretty widely shared view—something even many war supporters conceded. In an April 2007 interview with Charlie Rose, meanwhile, Jones actually seemed to defend the war, even in hindsight. He spoke supportively of the surge, asserted that "Iraq will be better off in the long run without Saddam Hussein," and demurred when Rose asked him whether the invasion had been a mistake: "I don't know if it was a mistake simply because you're struggling and you're perceived not to be doing well." He struck a similar tone when he appeared on "Meet the Press" in September 2007, telling Tim Russert that the United States could not afford to lose in Iraq. "[T]he strategic interests of the United States in the region are very, very high, and I'm not talking about just soil, I'm talking about being perceived to have been successful here against this fundamental battle against terrorism. If we are perceived to fail, I think you're going to see terrorism expand, and I think that the stability of the Gulf region is going to be brought into question," Jones explained. (Those words, incidentally, may hint at how Jones could advise Obama, should troop withdrawals from Iraq lead to new violence and instability.)

Jones's precise views on the war, however, may be less important than his critique of the person who managed it. When Rumsfeld considered tapping him for the Joint Chiefs job in 2001, Jones declined even to meet with a defense secretary whom he found, by Woodward's account, self-important and uninterested in free and open debate. When he warned Pace against accepting the same job, Jones focused not just on the condition of Iraq but on the perversion of the policy-making process. "Military advice is being influenced on a political level," Jones told him. "You should not be the parrot on the secretary's shoulder."

A parrot is exactly what a national security adviser should not be. The position was created during the Eisenhower administration to help the president keep up with the fast-expanding size of the U.S. government and its hundreds of international and security tasks spread across dozens of agencies. The national security adviser's role is to gather opinions from across the government and synthesize them into a menu of options for the president, favoring none and testing the assumptions of all. Only after the president has made an informed decision does the adviser whip others into line to execute it.

Recent history suggests that success in the job depends on two things: diplomatic skill and a willingness to think skeptically about all ideas—including the president's. Jimmy Carter's foreign policy was paralyzed by infighting between his national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. For her part, Rice was steamrolled by Rumsfeld and Dick Cheney, hardened Washington veterans who didn't consider her an equal. They short-circuited the policy-making process by going straight to Bush and shutting out dissenting opinions, with disastrous results. What's more, Rice may have been *too* close to Bush. She bonded with W. over pro sports and workout regimens, and often weekended with his family at Camp David and in Crawford, Texas. This may explain why she seemed to spend little effort challenging the administration's groupthink about the war: She believed too much in Bush's instincts and deferred to his cocky certitude.

Obama's national-security lineup certainly brings the risk of tensions. Clinton is an epic figure who will operate under the constant suspicion that she is favoring her own image over Obama's. Some speculate there could be friction between Clinton and Obama's strong-willed pick for U.N. ambassador, Susan Rice—particularly given that Obama is elevating Rice's job to the cabinet level. "That has the potential to be a real problem," says one veteran of the foreign policy bureaucracy. And Defense Secretary Robert Gates is a Republican whose conservative top deputies will now be replaced by Democrats, with unpredictable results.

But Jones could be an ideal antidote to the natural tensions involved in this lineup. Most importantly, he has the diplomatic skills to navigate the Obama administration's egos and relationships. Plus, he does not appear to be a natural antagonist of anyone else on the team. Though he

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doesn't know Gates especially well, both men share long experience in the national security establishment (Gates was in the Air Force and previously headed the CIA). Jones and Clinton have a more direct connection, having bonded—as Hillary did with many military officials—during her tenure on the Senate Armed Services Committee. The two are said to have particularly clicked at a 2005 conference on security policy in Munich. Jones hosted a small private dinner that included Clinton and South Carolina Republican Senator Lindsey Graham, among others; at the end of the convivial evening, according to one person present, Jones followed Clinton out to her car to exchange private words. (Jones's relationship with Susan Rice remains a question mark.)

Most interesting, perhaps, is the fact that Jones doesn't know Obama particularly well. The two men didn't meet until Obama's foreign policy aide, Mark Lippert, arranged a 2005 sit-down, and, as of this October, Jones had only spoken to Obama twice. This could be an asset. Jones's role, during deliberations about U.S. policy, should be something close to neutral arbiter. It's never easy to tell a president that he is wrong—but it might be especially hard telling Barack Obama, whose cult of personality can have an overpowering effect. In the months to come, the best way Jim Jones can serve Obama is by deftly managing the egos on his foreign policy team, but above all by not being the presidential parrot.

Michael Crowley

Obamalot

How the new president can boost high culture.

What is American about American art? Or American music? Or American literature? These venerable questions—to which there are certainly no simple answers and probably no definitive answers—have been on my mind for the past few weeks, since Barack Obama, on "Meet the Press," announced that "our art and our culture, our science, that's the essence of what makes America special." Skeptics might say, and say with good reason, that Obama was offering nothing more than a platitude. Is American culture more special to America than Russian culture is to Russia or Chinese culture is to China? And yet the very bluntness of Obama's statement—its platitudinousness, if you will—had a drama. There are times when a platitude is a wonderful thing—a crude version of the truth. And this could be one of those times.

Frankly, I was surprised to hear Obama commenting on the arts at all. In the midst of a deepening recession, he was taking pains to argue that culture is part of America's "national character, that sense of optimism, that willingness to look forward"—another platitude, some might say. In raising these issues, however, Obama may be signaling his willingness to take hold of what has become a grievously wounded relationship between our arts and our sense of national character. While I would never want the federal government to be responsible for the state of the arts, people in government do need to be aware of art's power to shape our collective identity. In the century just past, the federal government from time to time took a very active, a very positive role: The WPA gave substantial support to many artists and writers, Washington became home to a half-dozen splendid national museums, the National Endowment for the Arts did a great deal of valuable work, and, since 1985, the National Medal of Arts has been given to artists of high achievement every year. But, in the past two decades—through Bush I, Clinton, and Bush II—Washington has not exactly shown much enthusiasm for the arts. I think it's safe to say that high art—classical music, Old Master paintings, lyric poetry—has received a bipartisan vote of no particular confidence. The arts, many of us have been forced to realize as we watched Clinton and Bush pass the buck, are not necessarily of much importance either to Democrats or to Republicans.

Nobody need wonder why, in Washington, the arts have become something of an embarrassment. The city—and the country—have never really recovered from the controversies that exploded around the NEA beginning in the late 1980s, when some Republicans decided to save the world from Robert Mapplethorpe's sexually explicit photographs and Andres Serrano's *Piss Christ*, works which many liberals, while determined to defend the NEA, did not particularly care for, either. If there is any lesson to be learned from those hideous debates, it is that the danger when we talk about the relationship between the arts and the nation is that everybody all too rapidly descends into parochialism. There are the utilitarians, who are convinced that art education is important

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because it improves children's more general cognitive skills; there are the populists, who think that government is best off supporting bluegrass music and quilting; there are the cultural leftists, who believe that the government should embrace individual artists because they are society's renegades and outcasts; and there are the traditionalists, who want to give money to museums and symphony orchestras and thereby uphold canonical values. The main trouble with all these viewpoints is that they deny the inner integrity of the arts, which in truth are neither populist nor elitist, neither progressive nor conservative, but are in some mysterious way a part of the fabric of the nation. Which is a thought, come to think of it, not entirely different from Obama's argument that we are not a nation of red states and blue states, but we are the United States. I am reminded of Ralph Ellison's observation, in a discussion of his friend the painter and collagist Romare Bearden, that "we are a *collage of a nation*, and a nation that is ever shifting about and grousing as we seek to achieve the promised design of democracy." The challenge, for a president who wants to lead in the arts, is to show how the variegated forms that the arts take in a democratic society can suggest, if not a finished pattern, then at least the beginnings of a design.

In politics, symbolism can sometimes further policy, and, when it comes to Obama and the arts, symbolism really matters. Symbolism, at least at the outset, may be all we have. Government funding for the arts, always a pittance, is unlikely to rise. Corporate support has been declining for some time now. And private patronage is surely going to be hard to find, only adding to the pain that creative people feel as they confront a shrinking marketplace. When Obama speaks of making the White House a place that is welcoming to artists and writers and scientists, he can be accused of merely making a gesture, but who can doubt that this is the right gesture in the right place at the right time? This is one area where all the talk of Camelot redux and Barack and Michelle as the new Jack and Jackie may actually make some sense. In the long ago days when JFK invited the artists and the intellectuals to Washington, he was met in certain circles with a not entirely unwarranted skepticism; Tom Wicker commented that the president "did not seem to suffer from a great personal involvement in drama, music, art." Be that as it may, it was no small thing to hear Robert Frost at the inauguration, to know that Mark Rothko and Franz Kline had been invited to attend, and to be able to go to your local record store and buy the LP of a recital that Pablo Casals had given at the White House. JFK must have understood that in a democratic society the popular arts can pretty much take care of themselves. It was high art—the art that is by its very nature less commercial—that needed a helping hand in the 1960s. This is all the more true today.

Let's see if Barack and Michelle, like Jack and Jackie before them, can put culture back on the national agenda. The early signs are encouraging. Aretha Franklin, Itzhak Perlman, and Yo-Yo Ma are performers who will do honor to the inaugural festivities, and it is good that Obama has invited a poet, although not everybody will agree that Elizabeth Alexander is the right choice. We need to remember that what mattered in the early 1960s was not what JFK knew about Casals or the music of Schumann and Couperin and Mendelssohn. What mattered was that Casals was performing at the White House, a great day for the arts in America that also served to remind Americans that art has no borders, that a Spaniard playing German music in Washington was indeed part of the American experience. Here was a lesson in the importance of art, a lesson that might help to jump-start music education in the public schools and inspire more adults to turn to the classical station on the radio and go to record stores and concert halls. For Obama, who is constrained in so many ways by the ever-darkening economic situation, the symbolic possibilities of the arts are one arena in which he can act with real freedom. Imagine if he organized an evening at the White House in honor of Elliot Carter's hundredth birthday—not just an event, but a grand event, with an elaborate dinner, legendary performing artists, and much pomp and circumstance. The president might even find a moment to ask Mr. Carter about the Americanness of American music, and receive from the centenarian modernist a suitably complex and utterly unplatitudinous answer.

Jed Perl

A Healthy Economy

Medicine is the best stimulus.

As we move deeper into the recession, most economists are urging President-elect Obama to spend big money right away in order to stimulate and prop up the economy. The sticking point for a lot of people, however, is the long-term budget picture, especially given that Obama is planning to keep most of his predecessor's tax cuts. How are we going to drop huge sums of money on job creation and fiscal stimulus right now without continuing to suffer through yawning budget deficits years down the road?

In fact, we have a magic bullet for short-term spending and long-term saving—health care reform. During the campaign, skeptics complained that a health care overhaul would involve a lot of upfront costs and that the saving would only come later. But that's exactly what we need right now. Health care involves major spending in the near future, but, more than other initiatives, it will put a brake on federal outlays in the far future.

All this argues for temporarily throwing fiscal caution to the wind when it comes to health care reform. The idea of spiking the deficit now may seem frightening, but it's a lot better than the alternative—and it could actually make it easier to bring universal health care to America.

When talk turns to economic stimulus, health care usually gets short shrift. Perhaps that's because we are so used to thinking of health care as something we should spend *less* on; or perhaps it's because we assume that health care spending goes straight into doctors' pockets and hospitals' budgets. Yet, when done right, the biggest effect of broadening and upgrading coverage is to immediately help struggling families. The typical items on the stimulus menu—infrastructure spending, general aid to the states, benefits for the jobless, investments in new forms of energy—have a lot going for them. But they shouldn't blind us to the fact that government health spending is also an extraordinarily effective way to boost the economy.

After all, health care isn't a luxury good, like a flat-screen television—something you can put off when money is tight. People do economize on health care when times are tough, but only so much and with serious risks, both physical and financial. The better way to think about health care is like an upfront deduction from family income. If you make that deduction smaller, families have more to spend on other things, improving their own situation and the economy in general.

Today, however, the health care deduction is big and getting bigger. Despite widespread complaints about "overinsurance," the amount people pay for health

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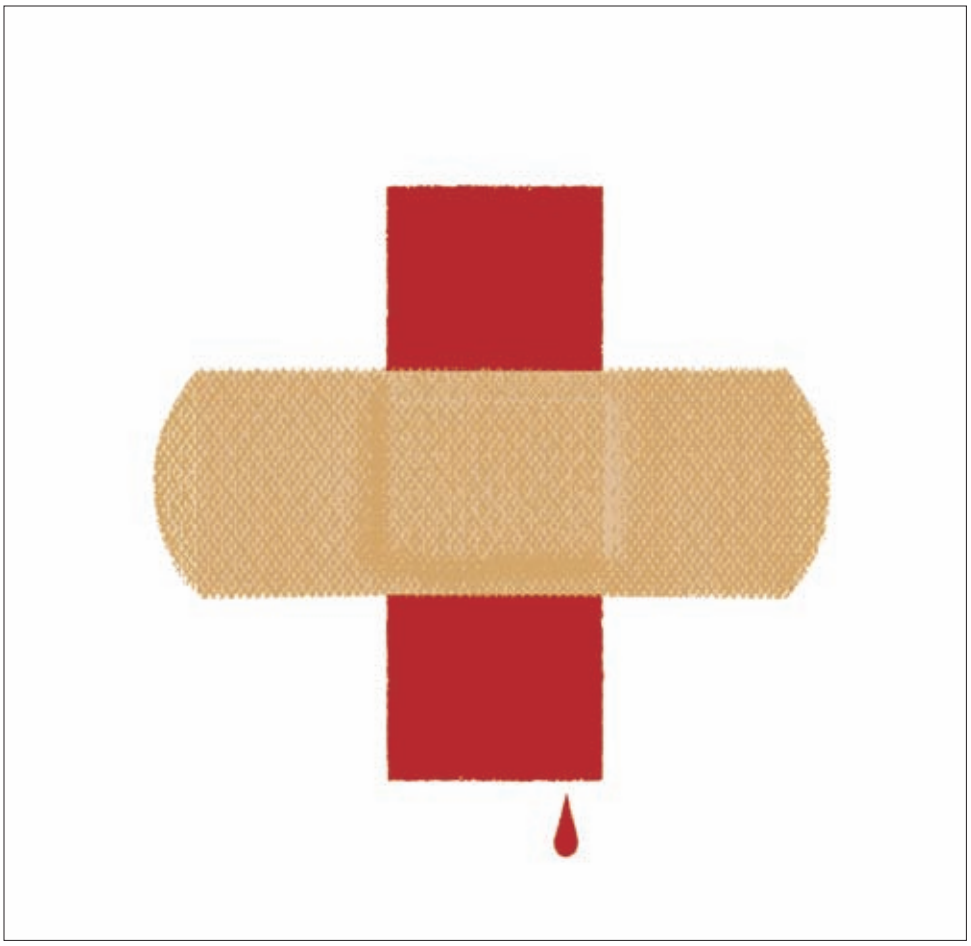

care out of their own pocket has risen substantially as a share of personal income over the last generation, and especially in the last decade. The Commonwealth Fund recently completed two massive surveys showing that the proportion of adults younger than 65 *with health insurance* who spent more than 10 percent of their income on health care out of pocket (5 percent for low-income adults) skyrocketed from 13.8 million in 2003 to 21.8 million in 2007, as health plans hiked deductibles and co-payments, denied claims more aggressively, jacked up costs for out-of-network care, and so on. What's more, almost all of the increase occurred among families with higher incomes—meaning that high health care costs have become a standard deduction for the middle class.

The problem is, of course, far worse for those who lack health insurance. Indeed, if you add the ranks of the uninsured to those without adequate coverage, you have more than 40 percent of the working-age population in an immediate economic bind because of medical costs. About half these people—slightly more of the uninsured than the underinsured, but not much more—report severe problems paying their medical bills. These are the families accounting for the roughly 50 percent of people in bankruptcy or foreclosure who say health care is the number one reason for their plight.

So fixing health care isn't just a recipe for better access to medical care. It's an immediate economic lifeline for working families, giving them back part of their income to use on other things. It's also a rescue package for state and local governments burdened by Medicaid and S-CHIP, for doctors and hospitals who treat the uninsured and inadequately insured, for community institutions that help people in distress—in short, for all the rapidly fraying threads of our health care safety net. Put simply, most of the money we spend upgrading coverage and spreading it to the uninsured is going to go directly into the pockets of people who need help now.

SPENDING MONEY in the short term is also the best way to make health care reform salable. To grasp this surprising point, it helps to understand how different today's situation is from the one that Bill Clinton faced in 1993. Then, the economy was already coming out of recession, meaning that deficit reduction was the order of the day. So the Clinton reformers made big promises about how they would save big money immediately—and backed them up with a massively regulatory plan designed to get people quickly into tightly managed HMOs.

The result was political disaster. As Theda Skocpol of Harvard has argued, the Clinton plan was almost tailor-made to scare Americans into thinking health care would be rationed, while providing ammunition for anti-government conservatives. Moreover, in order to rein in federal spending, the plan didn't include enough handouts to appease interest groups and was far too complex and overambitious, aiming to pull almost everyone out of employer-based insurance overnight.

Reformers shouldn't make the same mistake this time around. Freed from the strictures of short-term budget balance, they can instead do what all other countries did when creating their national health programs: buy off the opposition. Britain's health minister was once asked how he had gotten doctors on board for the National Health Service. His reply: "I stuffed their mouths with gold." Money may not change everything, but it does make it easier to win friends, or at least divide and placate them.

It also makes it easier to attract public support. Americans tend to fear that reform will impair the quality and raise the costs of the care they already have. Moreover, most don't believe our nation spends too much on health care; they believe *they* spend too much. The way to get reform is to give Americans what they want—better coverage at lower cost, made possible in the short term by a major infusion of new federal dollars.

For this to work, reform has to be simple and unthreatening. People should be able to keep employment-based coverage if their employers provide it (with new government help to lower the cost). If they don't have workplace coverage, they should be automatically enrolled in a national framework that gives them a choice between a good public insurance plan and competing private plans. The faster everyone is in the system, the faster money flows into people's pockets, and the sooner reformers start reaping the political rewards.

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And the faster all that happens, the better situated we are to start the difficult but essential task of controlling long-term health spending. Without runaway health spending, as Henry Aaron of the Brookings Institution has shown, the future fiscal picture of the federal government looks surprisingly rosy, even if taxes stay right where they are as a share of the economy. With runaway health spending, it looks catastrophic. Plus, as bad as the federal picture looks, it's prettier than what businesses and workers are facing. According to Sarah Axeen and Elizabeth Carpenter of the New America Foundation, if employer-sponsored insurance premiums and family income rise at the same rate they have for the past decade, an average family health plan will cost more than 45 percent of a typical family's income by 2016.

Lowering costs might not happen fast, but it is possible in the long term. There are some relatively easy and quick ways to bring down costs, like streamlining administration and reducing the rate of payment increase for specialty services and prescription drugs. But a good deal of the savings have to come from using resources more efficiently—and here, again, spending now will help us spend less later. The federal government invests a pittance in health-information technology and comparative-effectiveness research, and we know the private sector won't make these investments on an appropriate scale. These are public goods that require public investment. A Manhattan Project to collect health-outcomes data, develop new practice guidelines and quality measurements, and really test the effectiveness of new medical technology won't come cheap. But it will make health care cheaper—and, more important, better at improving health—in the long run.

The beauty of all this spending is that it will mean higher wages and employment, a more flexible labor market in which people feel free to change jobs or strike out on their own without risking their health and finances, and, yes, less pressure on public and private budgets down the road. We'll be running up hefty federal bills for a while. But we'll be doing so confident we're going to improve the economic standing of millions of Americans and our long-term budget situation in the bargain. *Jacob S. Hacker*

Jacob S. Hacker is co-director of the Center for Health, Economic, and Family Security at U.C. Berkeley, and a fellow at the New America Foundation. He recently edited Health at Risk: America's Ailing Health System—and How to Heal It.

No Deal

Learning from FDR's mistakes.

Does the New Deal provide a useful model for fixing our own troubled economy? In many respects, yes. The frenzy of activity and innovation that marked Franklin Roosevelt's initial months in office—a welcome contrast to the seeming paralysis of the discredited Hoover regime—helped first and foremost to lessen the panic that had gripped the nation. And, during the prewar years of his presidency, Roosevelt's actions produced an unprecedented array of tangible achievements as well. He moved quickly and effectively to address a wave of bank failures that threatened to shut down the financial system. He created the Securities and Exchange Commission, which helped make the beleaguered stock market more transparent and thus more trustworthy. He responded to out-of-control unemployment by launching the Civil Works Administration, the Public Works Administration, and the Works Progress Administration, which created jobs for millions of the unemployed. He passed the Social Security Act, which over time provided support to the jobless, the indigent, and the elderly—and the Wagner Act, which eventually raised wages by giving unions the right to bargain collectively with employers. He signed the Fair Labor Standards Act, which created the minimum wage and the 40-hour workweek.

Yet, despite these extraordinary achievements, Roosevelt's initiatives did not, in the end, lift the country out of the Great Depression. At no time in the first eight years of the New Deal did unemployment drop below 15 percent. At no time did economic activity reach levels comparable to those of a decade earlier; and, while there were periods when the economy seemed to be recovering, none of them lasted very long. And so this bold, active, and creative moment in our history proved to be a failure at its central task. Understanding what went wrong could help us avoid making the same mistakes today.

Some of the New Deal's most important initiatives were active obstacles to economic renewal. The National Recovery Administration (NRA), created in 1933 to help stabilize the volatile economy, was enormously

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popular for a time, mostly because it created the illusion of forceful action. The NRA sought to help corporations cooperate with one another in keeping production low and prices up, effectively creating cartels. This effort proved almost impossible to administer: No one in the federal government had any experience or expertise in managing an economic project of this magnitude; control quickly moved to the corporations themselves, with no better results. But the NRA was even worse when it worked as it was supposed to, because its goal was exactly the opposite of what the economy needed: Instead of expanding economic activity, the NRA worked to constrict it. At the same time, the Federal Reserve Board—operating under classical economic assumptions—saw the economic wreckage around it and responded by *raising* interest rates so as to protect the solvency of the Federal Reserve Bank itself. No one today would even consider high interest rates in a slumping economy, but the Fed of the early 1930s had not absorbed new economic ideas that would later become almost universally accepted. (In fairness, this catastrophic mistake was not a product of New Deal policy, but few New Dealers recognized the magnitude of the error for years.)

The more important failure of the New Deal, however, was what it did not do. The only way to break the deadlock that paralyzed the U.S. economy in the 1930s was to enormously expand economic activity—quickly and decisively. Instead, the New Deal wavered and equivocated—spending large sums of money with one hand while reducing spending with the other. One of the first acts Congress passed for Roosevelt in 1933 was the Economy Act, which slashed government spending in ways that reduced economic activity. It cut the salaries (and, in some cases, the jobs) of government employees and dramatically reduced payments to World War I veterans, taking $500 million from the economy in a single stroke. The Social Security system, so valuable over the long term, was in the short term a drag on the economy. It began collecting taxes in 1936 but paid out few benefits until the 1940s. In 1937, deluded by a weak economic recovery, Roosevelt (urged on by his Treasury secretary) set out to balance the budget through severe spending cuts. The result was a sudden and dramatic economic downturn—a recession within the Depression that produced some of the highest levels of unemployment and lowest levels of production of the decade.

ANTHONY RUSSO

In the aftermath of the 1937–1938 setback, Roosevelt launched a new $5 billion spending plan to try to shock the economy back to life. This infusion of funds helped undo the damage that the 1937 budget cuts helped to create, spurring a modest recovery that at least got the economy back to the weak and fragile condition of a year earlier. The idea of spending as an antidote to recession—an idea that had never found much favor in the past even among the most progressive figures in the New Deal—began slowly to achieve legitimacy. American economists were now eagerly reading Keynes and imagining more robust uses of fiscal and monetary powers to stimulate growth. It is possible, though by no means certain, that even without a war the influence of Keynesian ideas might have led New Dealers to embark on a spending program large enough to push the economy to somewhere close to full employment. But, in the end, the Great Depression—an unprecedented crisis that had stubbornly resisted the efforts of two presidential administrations over twelve years to restore prosperity—came to a close only because of the massive spending required by the greatest and most terrible war in human history.

Economic orthodoxy—which gave high priority to balanced budgets and fiscal restraint—remained a powerful force in the 1930s, even as its limitations became increasingly obvious. Similar arguments can still be heard today: While most liberals—and most financiers and economists—agree on the necessity of government doing something dramatic to jump-start the economy, there remain powerful voices, particularly on the right, that oppose such efforts on ideological grounds. Hence Republicans' initial opposition to the stimulus package in September and their more recent threat to block, through filibuster, federal aid to the auto industry. The New Deal was least successful when it was least aggressive—when it let concerns about fiscal prudence override the urgent need to pump enormous sums of money into a moribund economy. There is much for the Obama administration to learn from the many achievements of the New Deal. But there may be even more to learn from its failures.

ALAN BRINKLEY

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JONATHAN COHN

"DETROIT INDUSTRY" BY DIEGO RIVERA, DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS

It's been more than a month since the auto industry came to Washington, begging for a rescue. And, since that time, it's become clear just how dry Detroit's reservoir of goodwill has run. For conservative opponents of bailout legislation, like Alabama Senator Richard Shelby, the U.S. auto industry is an object of scorn—"dinosaurs," he has called them. For the liberals who support a rescue, like Connecticut Senator Christopher Dodd, Detroit remains an embarrassment. "I wish that these companies had not gotten themselves into this situation," Dodd said recently, noting that they need to undertake "painful, fundamental changes if they are going to be competitive internationally and viable in the long term."

Who can disagree? In today's political lexicon, "Detroit" has become synonymous with failure—a shell of a city inhabited by a shell of a once-mighty industry. It is, in various tellings, the product of individual achievement laid low by collectivism run amok, or of innovation smothered by addled corporate managers and sclerotic labor contracts. Libertarians against unions, environmentalists against gas-guzzlers, or car enthusiasts against bad engineering—everybody can find something to loathe.

But, for all of Detroit's mistakes, it is also a victim of something it did right: ensuring a middle-class lifestyle for blue-collar workers. When the carmakers, pushed by unions, agreed to provide workers with a steady level of purchasing power, comprehensive health benefits lasting into retirement, and various forms of workplace rights, they were promising something that all Americans covet. And, while the financial costs and managerial constraints associated with that effort have helped bring domestic carmakers to the edge of collapse, ultimate responsibility for this situation lies beyond Detroit.

In a more enlightened society, after all, government would have made those promises and extended them to all workers, thereby spreading the burden of financing them to all taxpayers. That's how it's done in Europe and in Japan—which, not coincidentally, is the home of Detroit's most successful competitors. But the U.S. government never took that step. So, instead of a

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public welfare state, we got a private one, administered for only some workers and paid for by their employers. Sooner or later, this arrangement was bound to fail.

The creation of this privately run welfare state came neither easily nor quickly. It was the result of a decades-long transformation, carried out in two stages: first, when unions took advantage of New Deal legislation to transform life on the factory floor; then, when unions used their bargaining power to secure more generous compensation. And, to appreciate just how dramatic those changes were, it's worth recalling what life as an autoworker was like before this transformation began.

Building cars has never been cushy. And, as late as the mid-1930s, it was a good deal worse than that—particularly during times, such as the Great Depression, when the high demand for jobs put workers at the mercy of management. At factories like the General Motors complex in Flint, Michigan, work was tedious, physically demanding, and frequently dangerous. Injuries abounded as foremen sped up assembly lines in an effort to weed out weaker laborers. Workers were afraid to take breaks lest capricious supervisors give away their jobs. "If guys had to urinate or whatever, it went in their pants or on the floor," recalls Arthur Lowell, now 91, who started working in the Flint factory in 1936, when he was 18. "The boss could fire you if he didn't like your looks, so you were very careful about what you said."

The story was the same throughout the auto industry—and there wasn't much workers could do about it. They didn't have formal or legal channels for recourse. Collective action wasn't much of an option, either, since carmakers were under no legal obligation to bargain with unions and had few constraints on their anti-union activities. When workers went on strike, companies brought in permanent replacements; when workers staged occupations, companies hired spies and security forces to infiltrate labor efforts and, if necessary, take out protesters by force.

In 1935, however, President Roosevelt signed the Wagner Act, which forced companies to recognize unions. Late the next year, members of the fledgling United Auto Workers (UAW) staged an epic 44-day occupation at the Flint complex where Arthur Lowell worked. The "Great Flint Sit-Down Strike," as it became known, ended when GM finally agreed to recognize the union. Subsequent negotiations brought modest pay raises and what labor historian Nelson Lichtenstein describes as a system of "industrial justice"—work rules, seniority privileges, and grievance procedures designed to protect workers from random firings and to allow them to stay with the company even as age eroded their physical skills. It was suddenly possible to think of GM as a career, just like their supervisors did. To this day, workers in Flint wear white shirts on February 11, the sit-down's final day, to reaffirm the essential credo of those strikers: Factory workers deserve as much respect as their management.

GM's clout and size meant others would inevitably follow. Within a few years, nearly the entire auto industry had recognized unions. But if, by the 1940s, the typical factory worker had won a fairer and safer workplace, he still lived in a world of financial insecurity. Every time the economy slowed down, factories went idle and workers ended up on unemployment. And, even in the good times, workers saw their standard of living slip because of inflation, which was a recurring problem after World War II.

The UAW agitated again—and, this time, the industry was more eager to compromise. In 1950, General Motors agreed to provide regular "cost of living adjustments," so that paychecks would keep pace with inflation. It also pledged large payments toward its workers' health insurance and pension benefits—payments that would grow even larger in future contracts. Five years later, Ford made a historic decision to create a special fund for supplementing unemployment benefits. That way, even when the plants weren't operating, workers could keep collecting decent paychecks. (The payments to that fund would also increase, until eventually workers could get almost all of their regular pay during plant closings.) In each case, one carmaker's agreement set a standard that the others had to follow.

This "Treaty of Detroit," as *Fortune* memorably called the 1950 agreement, did more than broker peace between labor and management. It completed the evolution that had begun in Flint, reserving for workers a place in the middle class. Homeownership. New cars and college tuition for their children. The dignity of a career. Now guys on the line had those, too.

For many unions, achieving such terms for their members would have been enough. But, for most of the UAW's history, the union's leaders have said they were fighting for all working Americans, from the poor right up to the middle class. Walter Reuther, who helped organize the Flint strike and went on to serve as UAW's president for more than two decades, called for solidarity and practicality. "We are not going to operate as a narrow economic interest," Reuther vowed. If a unionized autoworker's standard of living rose too far above the typical American's, he knew, it would breed resentment.

Up through the 1960s, this seemed like a pretty distant concern, in no small part because UAW members' income gains had such huge ripple effects on the economy. Manufacturing dominated the economy, and unions, like the UAW, dominated manufacturing. Even though constantly rising wages helped create what's known as a wage-price spiral, or repeating cycle of inflation, the net effect still seemed to be positive. Between the 1940s and '70s, real wages—that is, wages adjusted for inflation—for the typical American worker doubled. As Paul Krugman, the Nobel Prize–winning economist, concluded, "everything we know about unions says that their new power was a major factor in the creation of a middle-class society."

Still, the UAW had even bigger aspirations. It leveraged its organizing success into political clout, on behalf of progressive economic legislation. It fought for more generous unemployment insurance and won. It fought for the extension of labor-law jurisdiction to African American farmworkers and won again. (This presaged the UAW's strong commitment to civil rights in the 1950s and '60s.) As Harold Meyerson noted recently in *The Washington Post*, "The UAW not only built the American middle class but helped engender every movement at the center of American liberalism today."

Overall, though, union efforts to secure legislation in Washington were never as successful as the efforts to win raises at the bargaining table. Along with other unions, the UAW fought—but lost—a battle to block enactment of the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947. Taft-Hartley radically altered the legal landscape for legal organizing—allowing, among other things, states to prohibit closed union shops. Thanks to that provision, states across the South and the West were able to pass so-called right-to-work laws, making the establishment of unions in those states difficult if not impossible. The wide-open organizing days of the Wagner Act were over.

Perhaps more famously still, the unions failed in their quest to win national health insurance. The UAW was an early and vocal advocate for universal coverage. But the best it could do was to

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help secure the passage of Medicare and Medicaid in the 1960s—a huge victory, but one that still left large chunks of the working-age population without health insurance and left even retirees needing supplemental coverage.

The autoworkers, of course, had these things. Their collective bargaining agreements guaranteed them not just insurance but generous insurance—and not just for themselves but for their spouses, into retirement and even as widows (or widowers). They cherished these gains and, after careers spent doing tough physical labor, many needed the medical coverage. But the lavish insurance was creating precisely the sort of disparity that Reuther had feared. It was a sign of things to come.

If the postwar boom had lasted beyond the 1960s, none of this really would have mattered that much, since, in the good times, management seemed content to pay a high premium for keeping peace with unions. But it was only a matter of time before the financial burden of running this private welfare state rendered U.S. manufacturers vulnerable to cut-rate competition—whether from across the ocean or below the Mason-Dixon line.

Health benefits, and retiree health benefits in particular, became the most glaring problem, since foreign competitors didn't have similar burdens. Workers in the factories these companies maintained abroad benefited from national health insurance programs. Workers in the plants these companies established here didn't have that advantage. But, with no unions to please, the companies didn't have to promise such generous benefits. And, since the plants didn't start up until the 1980s, they also had younger workforces—which meant many fewer retirees. By 2007, estimates showed that so-called legacy costs alone meant U.S. auto companies had to add a few hundred dollars to the sticker price of each vehicle. As Princeton University economist Uwe Reinhardt quipped, GM had become a giant social-insurance program that just happened to sell a few cars on the side.

It wasn't just the benefits in union contracts that were weighing down the car industry. It was also some of the job protections, including the system of workplace justice dating back to the 1930s. Work rules and grievance procedures designed to protect diligent workers from unfair managers sometimes ended up protecting less-than-diligent workers from appropriate oversight. These problems were not the only or even primary cause of the car industry's struggles. But even union supporters concede that the legacy costs created a real burden—particularly once, in the wake of the 1970s oil crunch, American consumers gave Japanese cars a close look and discovered they were delivering better quality and higher fuel efficiency, all at lower cost.

To become more competitive on price, U.S. automakers began doing what all manufacturers were doing: outsourcing what they could, to non-union companies at home and abroad, thereby shaving their labor costs. The union fought many of these moves, perceiving them as the latest in a long line of business assaults on labor. But the UAW also understood the financial reality, finally agreeing last year to a breakthrough contract designed to bring overall compensation closer in line with that of foreign-owned competitors. It slashed wages for some newly hired workers and vastly reduced the automakers' liability for retirement health benefits. It also streamlined the old system of work rules and grievance procedures. The UAW's Ford contract, for example, reduced for the entire company the number of skills classifications from 350 to 22, while allowing regular assembly-line workers to take on routine maintenance work that had previously been reserved for other workers.

All of this promised to make the Detroit carmakers more competitive with foreign counterparts. And the changes in production methods—designed to replicate the fast, flexible style of Honda and Toyota—were necessary. But, if the 2007 UAW agreement represented a lifeline for the industry as a whole, it also represented a death knell for the old way of doing things. No longer would the auto industry guarantee its factory workers a middle-class way of life, because it simply wasn't possible for a company to accomplish that on its own. The global economy had rendered the Treaty of Detroit null and void—and pushed the ambitions of Flint's sit-downers farther out of reach.

To hear some critics tell it, this change is long overdue; the reason so many Southern Republicans oppose the bailout right now is that the 2007 contract won't drag down autoworker compensation quickly enough.

Taking it to the streets: Above, National Guardsmen stand at the ready for trouble during the 1937 strike at a GM plant in Flint, Michigan. Right, panic ensues during the 44-day Flint strike. Center, children hold a parade to support the Flint strikers. Bottom, more than a decade later, UAW leader Walter Reuther signs a historic contract with the Ford Motor Company creating the first pension plan for heavy-industry workers in the U.S.

Alabama Representative Spencer Bachus said, "I'm sure that I'm going to be asked, 'Congressman, I work at Honda' or 'I work at Mercedes. I get $40 an hour [including benefits]. Why are you going to take my tax dollars and pay it to a company that's paying their employees $75 an hour?' "

But is the problem that UAW members get too much? Or that everybody else gets too little? There's a broad consensus that, over the last 30 years, real wages for the typical American worker have stagnated—in contrast to the 30 years before that, when unions thrived and real wages doubled. As an exercise, I asked Dean Baker, from the Center for Economic Policy Research, to calculate informally where wages for the typical working-age American would be if they'd continued to rise as they had done before the 1970s, while the unions were strong and helping to raise living standards for everybody. He determined that somebody between 45 and 55 years old, roughly the average UAW age today, would be making about $25 per hour—which is very close to the $28 per hour the typical UAW member makes. Factor in the (slightly) higher cost of living in the upper Midwest, where the auto industry is concentrated, and the figures would be even closer.

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Data like that suggest that the insight of Reuther and his early UAW counterparts was right—that unionizing more of the workforce really would help raise everybody's living standards. Passing legislation that would allow workers to ratify unions quickly by written affirmation, as Canadian workers commonly get to do, could help organizers fight employer anti-union campaigns and break through some of the roadblocks thrown up by anti-union laws like Taft-Hartley. And particularly in the service economy, where outsourcing to low-income competition would be more difficult, greater union presence could have the same sort of ripple effects that organizing the autoworkers back in the 1940s and '50s did.

But, even if the government enacted more progressive labor-law legislation, the realities of the global economy—and the existence of right-to-work states—will always limit labor's unilateral power to raise wages. Putting so much of the burden for rising living standards on the backs of companies again simply doesn't seem viable. If the idea is to resurrect the Treaty of Detroit, or at least its spirit, there's got to be a different way.

Fortunately, there is. It's a model for the welfare state that already exists in other parts of the world and that, as it happens, has been getting a lot of international attention in the last few years. It's the Nordic or Scandinavian model, so named for the part of Europe where it's practiced, and its philosophy is simple. In these countries, government guarantees everybody, even blue-collar workers, most of the things Detroit once guaranteed its workforce—like middle-class wages, full health benefits, and subsidized day care. The government also guarantees nearly full incomes for the unemployed. Organized labor is still a big part of the picture; Scandinavia is actually the most heavily unionized part of Europe. But unions there serve a somewhat different function. Instead of trying to restrict hiring and firing—or, for that matter, obstructing trade—they focus on improving labor conditions and training displaced workers to find new work. They have a less adversarial relationship with management, although that has a lot to do with the fact that Scandinavian employers don't constantly attack unions the way American employers do.

Even though it takes high taxes to support such generous government programs, the Scandinavian economies are strong. That's led some center-left economists to suggest that this model for the welfare state represents the best hope for guaranteeing the kind of economic security companies once provided, but no longer can. As it happens, President-elect Obama's agenda includes universal health insurance, more subsidized child care, and better worker retraining—not to mention labor-law reforms. And, while Obama hasn't been talking up Sweden lately, his approach to policy suggests that he, too, believes government must assume the responsibility for providing benefits—and guaranteeing livelihoods—that once belonged to corporate America.

Of course, even if Obama succeeds, it may come too late for the automakers. On the same day I visited Arthur Lowell, I drove into Flint to get a glimpse of the place where it all started, the old GM plant where he and his co-workers went on strike for 44 days. There's almost nothing there anymore: GM has razed the factory buildings. But, as I traversed a small bridge over the Flint River, I spotted a small historical marker commemorating the strike, and the violence that injured 27 people until "GM recognized the UAW as the bargaining agent for GM factory workers." I looked around at the flat, fenced-in wasteland around the sign, trying to imagine what it looked like when it was in full swing—or when the union staged that famous strike. Then I walked away, as a light snow obscured the sign and cold wind blew through. ◆

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Children of the Revolution

House Republicans, now even nuttier.

EVE FAIRBANKS

"[T]hey saw in the New Deal only revolution or anarchy; … they fought it in bitterness and in vain."—Henry Steele Commager, on the congressional conservatives under FDR, 1959

You would not expect House conservatives, dwindled in numbers and without even the consoling possibility of filibusters, to be relishing the prospect of 2009. But purist right-wingers in the House are oddly happy these days. That's because they, like many outcast peoples, have discovered in their folklore their own Little Bighorn, a tale of resistance that gives them pride and hope.

The legend was born last August 1. Throughout the $4-per-gallon-gasoline summer, House conservatives had been pestering their Democratic overlords to scrap Congress's moratorium on offshore oil drilling; but, by the end of July, Speaker Nancy Pelosi had tired of the squabbling and dismissed the House for vacation. But one faction of representatives was too impatient to go. Insulted by Pelosi's brush-off and sensing a hot opportunity, Representative Mike Pence of Indiana rallied a troupe of conservatives in the abandoned chamber. There, as the Capitol staff milled about turning off lights, microphones, and cameras, Pence's gang announced that they were launching a hostile occupation of the House floor until Pelosi returned.

Private TV cameras aren't allowed inside the House chamber, but accounts of the insurgency began to trickle out. A Fox News reporter with a hidden camcorder taped grainy video of an "unidentified male"—presumably a congressman—bellowing, "This is the Boston Tea Party!," while Texan John Culberson, a tech geek, whipped out his BlackBerry and began furiously posting to Twitter, a voguish social-networking website. "I am speaking now on the floor to the gallery and to you on Twitter demanding that Speaker Pelosi cancel vacation and vote to drill here now," Culberson tweeted. "We are speaking without microphones—as though it were 1908." Others succumbed to the revolutionary mood, snatching Culberson's BlackBerry and blasting out their own breathless dispatches: "I am Roy Blunt, the GOP Whip, and it [sic] an outrageous move the Democrat leadership has adjourned the House for 5 weeks."

The picture of naughty congressmen rowdily tweeting inside the House chamber couldn't have been juicier for television, and soon the Boston Tea Party clip was looping again and again on Fox, while C-SPAN broadcast a cellphone video Culberson had shot of the insurgents scheming in a Capitol anteroom. By the next morning, the story had ignited. Constituents began badgering their representatives about drilling, and, among Republicans, appeals for more drilling took on the antic, performative style of the Vietnam protests. There was theme music: Country star Aaron Tippin performed a barn-buster called "Drill Here, Drill Now" with Mike Huckabee on electric guitar. There were props—Republican congressmen began appearing in the Capitol carrying red gas cans—and spontaneous "Drill, baby, drill" chants erupted at Republican presidential rallies.

Democrats, for their part, assumed the wretched role of desperate, besieged establishmentarians, some sourly defending their holdout stances—"I'm just trying to save the planet," Pelosi complained to *Politico*—while others frantically cut reelection ads in front of oil rigs. And the conservatives made it clear that, when Pelosi did return, they would agree to no concessions to environmentalism. After Republicans denounced the compromise she ultimately offered as a "hoax" and a "sham," the hapless Democrats simply let the 27-year offshore drilling moratorium expire.

The episode was the happiest moment of the House Republicans' two years in the minority. But, for House conservatives, the energy insurgency provided far more than mere satisfaction: It became a blueprint for the future. Forget the self-flagellating remedies proposed by white-flag Republicans like David Frum or the Sam's Club crowd. The House right-wingers concluded from the drilling victory that conservatism needn't compromise ideologically in order to win—just the opposite. It's a lesson they're eager to apply to Barack Obama's economic schemes, like health care reform and the huge infrastructure stimulus package. Rather than accepting the implications of John McCain's recession-driven loss—that Americans, perhaps, might be growing weary of Republican economics—the conservatives intend to trigger a popular revolt, like the one they provoked over drilling, against Democrat-led socialism itself.

It isn't surprising that the new coterie of House right-wingers should be stiff-necked. They arrived in Congress after the 1990s were over, and so missed the transformation of Newt Gingrich's visionary conservatism into the power obsession of Tom DeLay. Instead, they passed those years as cloistered monks of the Newt order, nurturing their anti-government philosophies. Pence ran a conservative think tank in Fort Wayne. His comrade-in-arms, Jeff Flake of Arizona, operated Phoenix's Barry Goldwater Institute. Jeb Hensarling of Texas managed Phil Gramm's slash-the-government campaign for president in 1996. These conservatives set out for Washington with a snow-pure enthusiasm for the Contract with America, but, when they got there, they found House Republicans blithely doling out cash for earmarks and George W. Bush plumping for Medicare Part D. "I'm like the minuteman who showed up ten years late for the Revolution," Pence once complained. And so the Pence gang formed not out of opposition to liberal perfidies but to the ideological insufficiencies of the Republican Congress.

Before long, they were zealously lambasting their colleagues' apostasies. "The explosion in earmarks under Republicans completely flies in the face of the principles our party supposedly stands for," Flake trumpeted in 2004. In an interview with *The New York Sun*, Hensarling compared the congressional majority to "winos" drunk on spending. And, in May of 2006, Pence and Hensarling used parliamentary tricks to delete millions of dollars in programs from a Republican-designed veterans' spending bill. Their jeremiads did not make them popular. "Please don't come out here and lecture us," moderate Republican Ray LaHood carped on the House floor during the veterans' bill spat.

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Flake (who, as the youngest and most artlessly earnest of the set, came in for special contempt) recalls being blamed for the GOP's 2006 defeat. "I always heard, 'If Flake and Hensarling had shut up, nobody would have heard about [the spending], and we would have skated.'" At the House Republican retreat the following January, Jerry Lewis, the old bull of appropriations, vented about Flake, and Boehner booted him off the Judiciary Committee on account of "bad behavior."

But, when Democrats assumed control of the House, the band of hard-liners began to be vindicated. To their amusement, Republicans discovered that the same procedural gimmicks that had so irritated them during the 109th could be deployed against Democrats. (When Pence launched one of his spending-bill revolts against a Pelosi-designed emergency supplemental package, his old enemy Jerry Lewis gleefully helped recruit mutineers from the Appropriations Committee.) Gradually, Republicans began to notice that their biggest triumphs in the 110th Congress—or their splashiest ones, at least—were won not by the leadership but by unflinching, drama-loving renegades, who, in refusing to play ball with non-believers, made the audacious case that the American public remained on their ultraconservative side. One such triumph unfolded on the Senate side of the Capitol, where a Hensarling ally brought down comprehensive immigration reform by boiling conservative dogma into a catchphrase ("this is amnesty") that lit up *Drudge Report* and talk radio, galvanized public outrage, and filled the bill's proponents with fear of their own constituents. (One popular California right-wing radio program shut down Democratic Senator Dianne Feinstein's Washington, D.C., phone lines by challenging its listeners to place 30,000 anti-amnesty calls to the switchboard.)

By the time Pence and his pro-drilling confederates stormed the House floor on August 1, Republicans were primed to accept the ensuing battle's lessons: One, dramatic gestures pay; two, conservatives don't have to compromise to capture the people's imagination. "When [Pelosi] and other Democratic leaders felt the force of America against them … Americans let their voices be heard, and they were enraged, and it affected the way the [energy] bill was put before the House," explains Representative Louie Gohmert, a bald, cheerful judge from Texas who got swept up in the August excitement.

Soon, as Lehman Brothers melted down and Treasury Secretary Henry Paulson rushed around the Hill begging representatives to *do* something, a new menace ripe for attack emerged: government intervention in the free market. Psychologically rejuvenated by the energy fight, conservatives turned their newfound taste for melodrama against government bailouts. Hensarling derided the September $700 billion plan to rescue the financial industry as a "slippery slope to socialism," and Thaddeus McCotter, a conservative from the Detroit suburbs, exclaimed that "it was no mistake that, during the 1917 Bolshevik revolution, the slogan was 'Peace, land, and bread.' Today, you are being asked to choose between bread and freedom. I suggest that the people on Main Street have said they prefer their freedom!"

All 17 House Republican freshmen rejected Boehner's tearful pro-bailout appeals and signed up with Hensarling's mutiny against the first bailout vote. And the enthusiastic response from constituents confirmed the conservatives' view that, while America (perplexingly) might not be planning to vote for them, it *stood* with them. As Culberson posted proudly on Twitter: "Texans core belief =leave me alone: gov't stay away from my home, my family, my church, my school, my bank account & my guns." Even Boehner became a believer. After the GOP's loss on Election Day, its second in a row, he promoted Pence, his old rival, to the leadership team

David Cowles

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and mailed a letter to House Republicans praising the conservatives and vowing to use the energy episode as his battle plan.

The looming battle that the Republicans foresee, of course, is the one that began during the bailout struggles in the fall: the fight over Obama's plans to refashion our government into a heavily interventionist one, whether by a huge economic stimulus package or a universal health care plan. And they mean to fight it with the kind of arguments from anti-spending first principles that Pence, Hensarling, and Flake used against Republicans years ago, when the GOP was still flush with power. The socialist threat is urgent, they believe, and it is never too soon to launch pro-freedom counterattacks.

Gohmert, the conservative Texas judge, had the brainstorm for his own contribution to the coming wave as he emerged from anesthesia a few days before Thanksgiving. He'd just undergone surgery to repair his anterior cruciate ligament, torn in the annual House softball game, and, as he lay recovering, he was possessed with the germ of an idea. He dropped an e-mail to Newt Gingrich. "He wrote, 'Do you realize that the amount of money they want [in the remaining, as-yet-unused $350 billion of the Wall Street bailout fund] is so great that you could actually give every American a tax holiday for two months?'" Gingrich remembers: "I looked at it and I thought, wow, what a great way to quantify it." Newt shot back a message predicting that a two-month holiday on both income and Social Security taxes—proposed by Gohmert as a conservatively populist, don't-let-Big-Brother-take-your-money alternative to the bailouts—would be "brilliant." "I don't get a lot of e-mails from anybody, especially somebody as smart as Newt, saying 'This is brilliant,'" Gohmert modestly admits.

After Newt stamped his approval, the pressure was on to go public. Two weeks later, Gohmert mounted a press conference in the same narrow, marble-tiled anteroom where the conservatives had held their energy-battle briefings. He did his best to live up to the energy fight's model. He came armed with a huge poster featuring the words "TREASURY SECRETARY PAULSON VS. YOU" and a blowup image of the Treasury secretary's head, tweaked to look maximally like Dr. Evil's. As he spoke to the small clutch of reporters gathered around the poster, he periodically whacked at Paulson's face with his cane. "Get the [bailout] money away from this guy here, and the government," he warned. *Whack*. A few reporters snickered. "The intention is [to repeat] what we did in September, when the American public arose," he said. *Whack*. "Hey," he added, addressing the battered Paulson directly. "How about you let them have their own money?"

But whether the tax-holiday proposal, or any other antics to dramatize socialism's menace, can catch fire like drilling or immigration did is uncertain. "I firmly believe the American people are on our side and not the other side when it comes to that stark contrast," says Representative Tom Price, the incoming chair of the Republican Study Committee. But, he admits, you never know which issue "is going to galvanize."

History might provide Price a clue. New Deal–era Republicans in Congress faced similar burdens in the 1930s as today's conservatives do: a desperately unpopular GOP ex-president and a new, ambitious Democratic president whom large numbers of people believed could do no wrong; tired veterans of the past decade at the helm in both chambers; an economic meltdown for which they were blamed; and a depressing want of bodies. ("A few years ago, you had to use the whole House for your caucus. Now you can hold it in a phone booth," one Democrat taunted Republican Minority Leader Bertrand Snell after the disastrous election of 1932, in which Republicans lost more than 100 seats in the House.)

The New Deal Republicans, too, sallied forth toward the 1934 midterms armed with their own version of the anti-socialism strategy. Many believed that, although Americans had elected the charismatic Roosevelt by a landslide, they were likely to regard his actual policies with distaste. The Republican contribution to the congressional record between 1933 and the midterms often reads like the ancient echo of Thaddeus McCotter. "We are on our way to Moscow," Representative Joseph W. Martin, an influential conservative, insisted after FDR's Agricultural Adjustment Act was delivered to Congress in the spring of 1933. "I have seen hitherto boasted State sovereignty offered up on the Moloch of centralized power," bayed another Republican. "I have seen a dictatorship spring up which must have made the noses of Herr Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, and Mustapha Kemal of Turkey turn green with envy. Independence in private business is a thing of the past, and individual liberty is only a memory."

But the conservatives overestimated the public fear of Bolshevism. "The hysterical conservatives ought to know by this time that in a contest at the level of mere epithets they have not the ghost of a chance to win," wrote Walter Lippmann. Come November 1934, they lost big, again. They only began to assert themselves during the Depression when they adopted a more internal strategy, targeting conservative Democratic members by instituting an intricate new floor-whip system whose regional whips aggressively poached votes across the aisle.

The upcoming 111th Congress would seem to offer a tantalizing territory for poaching, with its expanded ranks of red-state, anti-spending, guns-and-ammo Democrats. But the current crop of Republican conservatives express nothing but disdain for the so-called Democratic fiscal hawks. "All the Blue Dogs do is roll over for Pelosi," sniffs one House Republican staffer. "If [the Blue Dogs] wanted to, they could control the fiscal destiny in Congress, but they won't," says Hensarling. The disregard may be mutual. At his press conference, Gohmert suggested his tax-holiday plan was getting attention from Democrats. When asked which ones, a staffer mentioned North Carolina's Heath Shuler and Pennsylvania's Jason Altmire. Shuler's press secretary, though, said that while he thought a copy of the Gohmert plan might have been delivered to the office, "it's possible it just got thrown into a box." Altmire's flack was even less animated. "I don't know," she giggled, when asked whether her boss liked the plan. "I have no idea."

The conservatives' big bet is that they don't need the Shulers and Altmires in on the ground floor this time around. Talk radio, cable television, and the Internet have intervened between the 1930s and today, giving national grassroots-pressure strategies more punch. But, of course, the real cornerstone to the conservatives' hopes isn't John Culberson's Twitter feed. It's the conviction that the United States is a center-right country, a mantra that surfaced in Boehner's game-plan letter to Republicans in the House. But—energy and immigration fights aside—over the last few years, the American people have dealt their expectations on this count a bitter stream of disappointments.

In the marble-tiled antechamber, after his tax-holiday press conference has broken up, Louie Gohmert lingers. "The chance for it is if the Americans rise up again," he repeats, musingly. Regarding the evaporating scene—a few of his young staffers are taking turns snapping photos with the blowup image of Paulson—his bullish face-the-cameras grin slides toward something just a little more pensive. "There is a chance." ◆

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Going Under

A doctor's downfall, and a profession's struggle with addiction.

JASON ZENGERLE

In December 2003, Brent Cambron gave himself his first injection of morphine. Save for the fact that he was sticking the needle into his own skin, the motion was familiar—almost rote. Over the course of the previous 17 months, as an anesthesia resident at Boston's Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, Cambron had given hundreds of injections. He would stick a syringe into a glass ampule of fentanyl or morphine or Dilaudid, pulling up the plunger to draw his dose. Then he'd inject the dose into his patient. If the patient had been in a panic before her surgery, Cambron would watch her drift into a pleasant, happy daze; if the patient had been moaning in pain after surgery, he'd watch the relief spread across her face as the pain went away. It was understandable, perhaps, that Cambron was curious to experience these sensations himself, to feel what his patients felt once the drugs began coursing through their bodies. It could even be considered a clinical experiment of sorts. "I had thought about it for a long time," he later confessed.

The way in which Cambron handled his own injection reflected that intense curiosity—but also a degree of caution. Although Cambron had been a physician for less than two of his 30 years, in that brief time he'd acquired a fund of knowledge that left him certain he knew what he was doing. With his patients, he typically delivered drugs intravenously, so that the medicine went directly into their bloodstreams and its effects were immediate. Now that he was delivering the drug to himself, he injected it into his muscle; that way, the morphine would have to seep through layers of fat and tissue before it began to circulate through his system, resulting in a slower, less intense, and presumably safer high. An intravenous injection, as one of Cambron's fellow residents would say, is like "putting fuel on a fire," but an intramuscular injection "is like putting a cookie in your mouth and letting it soak, so that you're not really chewing it and it's not getting into your stomach."

Cambron initially told no one of his decision to use morphine—not his colleagues, not even his live-in girlfriend, from whom he hid his syringes. What he was doing was illegal, and he knew others would disapprove. But his shame was leavened by a certain amount of confidence, even arrogance. During the 80-hour weeks he put in at Beth Israel, a Harvard teaching hospital considered one of the best in the world, he practiced medicine at its highest level. People could quibble with other choices Cambron might make, but if he chose to do something medical—even to himself—then it was, by definition, the right choice.

That first injection of morphine, however, would quite possibly be the last time Cambron actually chose to do drugs. As the needle broke the skin and the morphine slowly seeped into his system that December day, Cambron began to cede control over his own medical powers. Before long, his career—and much more—would be in jeopardy.

The common conception of anesthesiologists is that they do little more than put people to sleep while surgeons perform the true medical miracles. The reality of their job is more complicated—not to mention harrowing. In the course of putting a patient under, the anesthesiologist must maintain the patient's delicate physiological balance. Because the drugs he uses to put a patient to sleep often lower the person's heart rate and blood pressure, the anesthesiologist must administer other drugs to raise them. If the surgery requires silencing the patient's brain and paralyzing his muscles, then the anesthesiologist must control the patient's breathing, since the patient can no longer do so himself. During a surgery, in short, the anesthesiologist essentially takes over the patient's basic life-preservation functions.

As frightening as this process sounds, it routinely enables patients to undergo complex surgical procedures safely and without physical pain. Before the mid-nineteenth century, when anesthesia began to emerge as a medical specialty, this was rarely the case. Limbs were amputated and teeth extracted while patients were sentient and awake. Typical is a story recounted by a nineteenth-century Boston surgeon who helped treat a young man with tongue cancer: "The cancerous end … was cut off by a sudden, swift stroke of the knife, and then a red-hot iron was placed on the wound to cauterize it. Driven frantic by the pain and the sizzle of searing flesh inside his mouth, the young man escaped his restraints in an explosive effort and had to be pursued until the cauterization was complete, with his lower lip burned in the process."

Among the doctors troubled by the pain and suffering he caused his patients was a young Connecticut dentist named Horace Wells. In December 1844, Wells attended a performance by Gardner Quincy Colton, a one-time medical student who had become a sort of scientific showman. Colton invited a volunteer from the audience to place in his mouth a wooden faucet connected to a rubber bag of nitrous oxide. After inhaling the gas, Colton's volunteer ran around the theater like a wild man, gashing his leg in the process. What intrigued Wells, according to Henry W. Erving's *The Discoverer of Anesthesia: Dr. Horace Wells of Hartford*, was that the volunteer seemed impervious to pain. As it happened, Wells needed to have his wisdom tooth removed. The next day, he had Colton give him a dose of nitrous oxide, after which one of Wells's colleagues performed the extraction. "I didn't feel it so much as the prick of a pin!" Wells reported. He went on to give nitrous oxide to more than a dozen patients, storing the gas in an animal bladder and then asking them to suck it into their mouths via a wooden tube while he held their nostrils shut.

A few years later, after some setbacks with nitrous oxide, Wells began to experiment with chloroform as an anesthetic. As with nitrous oxide, he experimented on himself. This time, though, Wells developed an addiction to it—which sent him into a downward spiral. At the age of 33, after being arrested, he inhaled some chloroform and then with a razor severed his femoral artery, bleeding to death.

Today, anesthesiology has obviously come a long way from Wells's animal bladder of laughing gas. But, for all its technological advances, the specialty is still plagued by an addiction problem among its practitioners. In 1987, the addiction medicine doctor G. Douglas Talbott reviewed the files of 1,000 M.D.s

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who had enrolled in the Medical Association of Georgia's Impaired Physicians Program. He wanted to know how the drug-addicted physicians broke down by age, gender, and, most importantly, medical specialty. What Talbott discovered, and subsequently published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, was disturbing: Although anesthesiologists made up only 5 percent of the physician population, they accounted for 13 percent of those physicians being treated for drug addiction. The numbers Talbott found for younger physicians were even worse: While anesthesia residents constituted 4.6 percent of all resident physicians, they accounted for 33.7 percent of residents in treatment for drug addiction.

No studies have found a correlation between the addiction rate and medical error (although in 2002, a 31-year-old Washington State woman suffered severe brain damage after her anesthesiologist, who was addicted to Demerol, allegedly mismanaged her care during a routine surgical procedure). But Talbott's article served as a wake-up call to the specialty nonetheless. In the 20 years since its publication, anesthesia departments have worked to educate their members about the risk of addiction; they've become more vigilant about monitoring access and use of drugs by members; and some have even instituted mandatory urine tests for practitioners.

And yet, the problem has persisted. A 2005 study that surveyed more than 100 anesthesiology residency programs found that, between 1991 and 2001, 80 percent of them had physicians who became addicted to drugs during their training, and nearly 20 percent reported one death due to overdose or suicide. "We've gone through lots of steps to try to make it harder and harder, and that hasn't seemed to have had a lot of impact," says Keith Berge, an anesthesiologist at the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota who sits on the American Society of Anesthesiologists (ASA) Committee on Occupational Health. "Addiction," a recent article in the ASA's journal *Anesthesiology* concluded, "is still considered by many to be an occupational hazard for those involved in the practice of anesthesia."

When Brent Cambron arrived in Boston in the summer of 2002 to start his residency at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, he could legitimately claim to be one of the top young anesthesia doctors in the country—and that was before he'd even handled his first case. Anesthesia is considered one of the most competitive specialties, and the program at Beth Israel, with its Harvard affiliation, was even more rarefied. It selected just twelve residents that year, and those it chose were invariably at or near the top of their med school classes.

That was certainly true of Cambron, a handsome young doctor with close-cut brown hair, gentle green eyes, and a thin, athletic build. But in other ways he didn't fit the typical Beth Israel anesthesia resident profile. Unlike many of his colleagues, who hailed from major metropolitan areas on the coasts, Cambron had grown up in the no-stoplight town of Sperry, Oklahoma, about 15 miles north of Tulsa, the son of a data processor and a homemaker. After scoring off the charts on his ACT test and graduating as his high school class's valedictorian, he attended the University of Oklahoma on a scholarship, matriculating to the University of Oklahoma College of Medicine. From his days in Sperry to his time in med school, Cambron had always sailed to the head of the class with ease. "There were some people who had to put in fourteen hours or so to learn the material, but it always seemed like Brent could do it in about seven," recalls Matthew Paden, a medical school classmate. "People would be incredibly stressed out and sleep-deprived and pepped up on coffee, and then he'd come walking down the hall with a smile on his face on his way to ride his bike."

And yet, despite his whiz-kid status, Cambron seemed happiest when he came off as ordinary. "You kind of had to know him for a while to know how smart he was," says his college roommate John E. Thomas. "He didn't flaunt it." Although he was a gifted musician, the outlet he chose for his musical talents was a college party cover band called Hummer. Even in that, he was content to stay in the background, playing rhythm guitar and singing backup. "Brent was very much a behind-the-scenes, below-the-radar kind of guy," says James Suliburk, one of Cambron's bandmates who also went to college and med school with him.

When it came time to do his residency, Cambron chose anesthesia, which would

Cambron was a standout in his elite residency program at Beth Israel Deaconess.

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provide him with good pay, reasonable hours, and plenty of intellectual and emotional challenges. In their need for constant vigilance, anesthesiologists are frequently likened to airline pilots: Both jobs entail long periods of boredom punctuated by moments of extreme terror. "From the moment you walk in the hospital until the moment you leave, you're waiting for disaster to happen," says Ethan Bryson, an anesthesiologist at Mount Sinai hospital in New York. "And [when it does], you have to be ready to immediately intervene, recognize what's going on, and fix it, because someone's life depends on it."

As low-key as he liked to appear, Cambron craved this type of pressure. "If something was going to be difficult," says Thomas, "Brent always took it on." While most of his medical school classmates chose to do their residencies in Oklahoma, he decided to travel the great geographic and mental distance to Beth Israel.

Cambron immediately took to Boston. He rented an apartment on bustling Newbury Street, right in the heart of the ritzy Back Bay neighborhood, and attended concerts and Red Sox games. At the same time, he proved to be an excellent fit for Beth Israel. Even among the first-year residents, who typically work slavish hours, Cambron stood out for his penchant to get to the hospital early and leave late—something one fellow resident attributed to his "Midwestern work ethic." More importantly, during the long hours he spent at the hospital, he impressed his colleagues with his clinical skills. "Sometimes a resident isn't born with what we call the 'oh shit gene' to recognize that something with a patient is quickly deteriorating," says Anthony Hapgood, a former Beth Israel anesthesia resident who was in the class ahead of Cambron's. "Brent wasn't like that. He could recognize when something was going wrong. He treated it early, and he treated it appropriately."

Cambron soon developed a reputation for levelheadedness during those moments of extreme terror—a levelheadedness that was rare not only in residents, but in more senior anesthesiologists, as well. Vivian Jung Tanaka, another of Cambron's co-residents, remembers the masterful way Cambron "ran codes"—medical jargon for leading the effort to resuscitate someone who's stopped breathing. "He was one of those unusual people that, no matter what happened, he kept his cool," she says. His placid demeanor was matched with a burning intelligence. "I think the first two years, he got the highest score on the practice board exam," says Suzanne Harrison, who was in Cambron's resident class.

In July 2004, Cambron's fellow residents and senior colleagues selected him to serve as a chief resident, one of the highest honors a junior physician can receive. By the time he received that honor, Cambron had been giving himself injections of morphine, fentanyl, and Dilaudid for nearly eight months.

The drugs most frequently used in anesthesia today—such as the opioids fentanyl and Dilaudid, as well as the sedative propofol—are among the most potent in the history of medicine. Dilaudid and fentanyl, for instance, are eight and 100 times more potent than morphine, respectively. These drugs aren't only powerful, they're also extremely addictive. Because they are chemically engineered to have short half-lives, so that their effects do not linger and patients can be safely discharged sooner after their surgeries, recreational users of such drugs quickly develop heightened tolerances to them, meaning that they have to use more and more of the drugs in order to achieve their desired highs. "There's a crash-and-burn phenomenon with these drugs," says Paul Earley, the medical director of the Talbott Recovery Campus in Atlanta, which specializes in treating impaired physicians. "Whereas an alcoholic physician or one who's abusing oral narcotics might not manifest obvious signs of addiction for years or even decades, it's common for anesthesiologists to show up in treatment six months or nine months or a year after their first time taking one of these drugs."

Cambron was no stranger to recreational drug use. According to a journal he kept, he was a heavy drinker in college and in medical school; he also occasionally smoked marijuana. But maintaining a hard-partying lifestyle in the midst of an ambitious academic career seemed like the type of challenge that Cambron thrived on. "We would go out and party all night and do the things college kids do," recalls one of Cambron's college friends, "and then he'd get up the next day and study for an hour and go take a midterm and ace it." When Cambron arrived in Boston for his residency, he cut back on his alcohol consumption. Soon, though, Cambron began to go out drinking on weekends with some of the people in his program. In December 2002, he found a resident who did cocaine and the two began using together. When his co-resident couldn't get cocaine, they would snort powdered Ritalin. In the year before he began injecting himself with opioids, Cambron was drinking three or four nights a week and using cocaine once or twice a month. Ironically, once he tried the morphine, he liked it in part because it allowed him to drink less.

When Cambron was appointed chief resident, it seemed to strengthen his conviction that, when it came to his drug use, he knew what he was doing. "I felt that things must be going well since everyone thought I was doing well," he later wrote in his journal. Not long after becoming chief, when Cambron began having trouble with his girlfriend (who had moved with him to Boston from Oklahoma), he increased the doses, along with the frequency, of his opioid injections. And the frequency increased even further after Cambron and his girlfriend broke up about halfway through his one-year term as chief. He started spending more time socially with the residents he supervised—including one, he discovered, who also took intramuscular injections of morphine. They began doing the drugs together. In January 2006, the resident revealed to Cambron that she had started taking the drugs intravenously. Soon he was giving himself regular i.v. injections of morphine, fentanyl, and Dilaudid and occasional injections of propofol.

For a time, Cambron was able to manage his drug use as he had in the past. Indeed, in July 2006, after he completed a fellowship in pain medicine, Beth Israel hired him as an attending physician and he became a clinical instructor of anesthesiology at Harvard Medical School. But, before long, the i.v. injections left him with cravings that he could only satisfy with ever larger and ever more frequent doses. It became harder for him to conceal what he was doing, and his work began to suffer. On one occasion, he fell after giving himself an injection of propofol, splitting open his forehead and leaving him with a black eye. The doctor who once got to work early and left late was now getting to work late and leaving early. Some of his colleagues told him he looked "disheveled."

In December, a senior physician approached Cambron and asked if he would meet with her after grand rounds the next day. When Cambron looked at the schedule, he realized that the grand rounds speaker was the director of the Massachusetts Medical Society's Physician Health Services, a group that assists physicians struggling with drug addiction. Cambron knew what was coming, but he came up with a plan. His resident friend—who had recently returned from an unsuccessful three-month stay at the Betty Ford clinic—had obtained clean

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urine for her own regular drug tests. He took some of her supply to work with him the next day. And when, after grand rounds, he was confronted with suspicions that he was using drugs, he agreed to produce a urine sample.

But Cambron could only avoid getting caught for so long. He continued to use more and more frequently, injecting himself before work and then taking syringes to use at the hospital. By the end of January, he was giving himself i.v. injections of Dilaudid throughout his days at the hospital and slurring his words for the five or so minutes after each hit. Officials at Beth Israel wouldn't comment on exactly how or when they discovered Cambron was using drugs, citing hospital policy not to discuss personnel matters, but, in early February, Cambron took a leave from the hospital to enter a rehabilitation facility in Virginia that specializes in treating impaired physicians.

On the night of July 3, 2007, Cambron put on blue hospital scrubs, rented a Zipcar, and drove 20 miles from the Back Bay to a hospital in the suburban town of Norwood, where he'd once done some part-time work. Four weeks earlier, he'd returned to Boston from the Virginia rehab facility. He was sober and committed to recovery—and to going back to his old job at Beth Israel. Although this would seem akin to, as one anesthesiologist friend of Cambron's put it, "sending an alcoholic to work in a bar," it is actually not uncommon. Anesthesiology residents who become addicted and successfully complete recovery are often then redirected toward lower-risk medical specialties. But those anesthesiologists who have finished their training (as Cambron had) are more typically permitted to return to the specialty, so long as they are monitored by an impaired-physicians program—something Cambron had agreed to.

But, not long after getting back to Boston, Cambron was summoned to a meeting at Beth Israel with the hospital vice president and the chair of the anesthesia department, during which they asked him to resign from the hospital staff and agree to a voluntary suspension of his license. (Cambron's resident friend had earlier agreed to these same conditions, although her medical license was ultimately revoked.) Cambron acquiesced, but he was devastated. "I felt betrayed by the people who were to have supported me," he wrote in his journal. A week or so later, Cambron snuck into Beth Israel, stole some propofol, and returned to his apartment, where he injected himself.

Now, as Cambron walked into the mostly empty Norwood hospital—his scrubs concealing the fact that he was, at that moment, prohibited from practicing medicine—he was once again determined to get sober. He carried with him used needles and some of his old supplies. He was going to throw them away. Even in the throes of addiction, he was still a physician and was a stickler when it came to the disposal of hazardous materials. "He was worried someone would get hurt going through the garbage," says Margaret Yoh, a Boston woman who was Cambron's girlfriend. But Cambron couldn't resist temptation. He swiped some propofol from an operating room, locked himself in a bathroom near the endoscopy unit, and injected the drug into his femoral artery. Before long a cleaning woman tried to gain entrance

to the bathroom, but Cambron wouldn't come out. When he finally emerged over an hour later, hospital security officers were waiting for him. They noticed the blood on his hand, on his scrubs, and on the bathroom floor; they also noticed that Cambron was acting like, as one of them later put it, he was "on something." The security officers called the police. Cambron told them that he'd come to Norwood to pick up a bag for an anesthesiologist friend; the blood stains on his scrubs, he explained, were old. "I don't know why you keep questioning me," he protested. "This is no big deal." When they asked to search his backpack he refused. He was placed under arrest for trespassing and the officers then went through his bag, discovering a veritable pharmacy. He was charged with larceny and drug possession. At the police station, one of the officers asked Cambron if he was sick or injured. He told them he had the "disease of addiction." "To what?" the officer asked. "To everything," Cambron replied.

Cambron's father and his sister Kelly flew from Oklahoma to Boston to bail him out of jail. Kelly stayed at Cambron's apartment over the next several weeks to look after him. With a c.v. that now included a failed stint in rehab and an arrest record, Cambron seemed to have lost everything. But his medical license was still only suspended, not revoked, and he continued to hold out hope he could eventually return to anesthesia. He begged his sister to help him understand why he felt the need to use drugs in the first place. "He'd ask me if something went wrong in his childhood that he felt he'd need them," Kelly recalls. "I tried to help him figure that out and I couldn't. He was looking for any kind of reason for why he'd feel he needed them, because he couldn't figure it out, and it really bothered him."

The anesthesia specialty has been struggling with this question itself: Why do so many of its members suffer from addiction? The simplest—and most popular—explanation is access. Anesthesia is the only medical specialty in which physicians draw up, label, and account for their own drugs. As such, they have more opportunities than other physicians to abuse those drugs. "Anesthesiologists are left alone with open ampules of highly potent narcotics," explains Berge, "and it's easy to divert for their own use." Cambron was proof of that. Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, according to its vice president for education Richard Schwartzstein, has multiple policies and procedures in place to prevent such diversion—including the requirement that anesthesiologists "waste" whatever drugs they don't use on a patient in front of a witness or that they return the unused drugs to the pharmacy, which are then verified through random tests. But these safeguards proved no match for a determined addict like Cambron. "Addicts are smart, we're smart; they're desperate, we're not desperate," says Berge. "So they're going to outsmart us every time."

In recent years, however, the access hypothesis has started to be questioned. Its leading critic is Mark Gold, a psychiatrist and the former chief of addiction medicine at the University of

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Florida's McKnight Brain Institute. "If it's just holding the drugs," says Gold, "the pharmacists have the drugs, so do drug-abuse researchers, and not many of them become drug abusers or drug dependent." In 2004, Gold presented an alternative hypothesis to explain anesthesiology's addiction problem: exposure. Using gas chromatography-mass spectroscopy equipment, Gold had researchers scour several working operating rooms for traces of anesthetic agents. Sure enough, even though the anesthetics were administered intravenously, the researchers found throughout the operating rooms trace amounts of fentanyl and propofol, which the patients had exhaled. The highest concentrations were found around the patients' heads—which is where the anesthesiologists typically sit during surgeries. Gold, who did some of the pioneering work on secondhand cigarette addiction during the 1990s, had his new hypothesis. "It wasn't a great leap," he explains, "to say, possibly, that some number of anesthesiologists who become drug abusers and drug-addicted may have as an important contributory factor exposure to secondhand drugs in the O.R. Their brains changed in response to the secondhand drugs, and they developed cravings as if they were taking the drugs themselves."

Most anesthesiologists and other addiction experts doubt exposure can explain the problem, since the amounts of anesthetics found in the operating room are so miniscule. "I think it's invoking an incredibly complex explanation for something that has a much more simple explanation," says Berge. And yet, even many of those who subscribe to the access hypothesis concede that it's unsatisfying. "I agree that access has something to do with it," says one anesthesiologist, "but people have to want to take advantage of that access. There has to be some other explanation."

Cambron's arrest started him on a vicious cycle of recovery and relapse. Over the next year, he would make numerous, serial attempts to get sober—again at the treatment facility in Virginia, at McLean Hospital outside Boston, and at a retreat in rural Connecticut that was started by Alcoholics Anonymous co-founder Bill Wilson. In each instance (including after he was arrested a second time, at Beth Israel), he would become sober for a while, before eventually, inevitably relapsing. In this, he was hardly unique. One 1990 study found that two-thirds of opioid-addicted anesthesiology residents who returned to their programs relapsed. Their continued access to drugs was surely a contributing factor, but there was something else that seemed to prevent their recovery.

The first of the twelve steps to sobriety is for the addict to admit that he is powerless over his addiction. The second step is to believe that a power greater than himself could restore him to sanity. But admitting this sort of powerlessness flies in the face of what makes someone a good anesthesiologist to begin with. Some anesthesiologists and addiction medicine specialists like to talk about what they call the "AOA disease"—referring to the Alpha Omega Alpha medical society, a sort of Phi Beta Kappa for med school students. Because only the top medical students are able to enter anesthesia residencies, it's a specialty stocked with overachievers. "They're driven and they don't know how to take care of themselves well, they're too compulsive about their work, they can't let cases go, they're almost wound too tight," Earley says of anesthesiologists. "And then, when the drug comes along, they just feel like, ahhhhhhhhh, I can finally relax. And it's in that experience that the setup for continued use occurs. If you've been wound tight all your life, the first time you use narcotics, you say to yourself, this is how normal people must feel." Raymond Roy, the chair of the anesthesiology department at Wake Forest University School of Medicine, relates some black humor that has made the rounds in anesthesia circles: "How can you avoid having any substance abusers in your residency? Recruit from the bottom of your med school class."

Compounding the problem is the fact that anesthesiology doesn't only draw overachievers but overachievers who, in order to succeed in the specialty, must also be control freaks—and, in particular, control freaks about drugs and the human body. "So much of what we do as a physician and as a specialist is control someone else's physiology," says Bryson. "We give what would be equivalent to a lethal injection on a daily basis if we didn't intervene. A lot of what we do is controlling the body's reaction to drugs. And I think that creates a false sense that, if we can control what's going on with somebody else, we should be able to control this in ourselves."

Cambron certainly seemed to suffer from that delusion. "He always told me that when he was taking these drugs, he knew exactly what he was doing," says his sister Kelly, "that whenever he messed around with stuff, because of his medical knowledge, he knew how much to do without going overboard."

Sometime in the night on October 13 or in the early morning hours of October 14, 2008, Cambron returned to the surgical suite on the third floor of the Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center's Shapiro building. Once, the nine operating rooms there had been his professional home, where he'd work on knee repairs and breast biopsies and cataract surgeries. Now, they were simply a place where he could get drugs. Because the surgical suite in the Shapiro building was reserved for outpatient procedures, Cambron knew it would be empty at night. As he walked through the maze of hallways and through a series of imposing double doors, no one challenged his presence.

Cambron assembled his stash: It included five syringes, a 50-milligram vial of Demerol, four ten-milligram bottles of morphine, four ten-milligram bottles of Dilaudid, and a ten-milligram bottle of vecuronium—a muscle relaxant that, taken at high doses, will cause respiratory arrest in a matter of minutes. He brought all of it into a small room that bore the label "soiled utility" and was used to clean anesthesia equipment, closed the door, and began to inject himself.

At about 7:30 a.m., an anesthesia technician, who was making her morning rounds before the day's first surgery, opened the door. Cambron was sprawled on the floor between two stainless steel wash basins, his body surrounded by needles and empty vials, including, most ominously, the ten-milligram bottle of vecuronium. The technician ran for help and a team of doctors crowded into the small room. There was nothing they could do. At 7:47 a.m., a Beth Israel Deaconess anesthesiologist pronounced his former colleague dead. Cambron was 35 years old.

Two months later, with his death still under investigation by the police department, Cambron's friends and family don't know whether he meant to kill himself or whether his overdose was accidental. He left no suicide note, and he gave no signs that he was contemplating such an act. Indeed, he had recently arranged his apartment so that his girlfriend Yoh could move some of her things in. But the empty bottle of vecuronium is a haunting goodbye. After all, in spite of everything else that had gone wrong in his life, Cambron was an excellent doctor. Some of those who knew him have a hard time believing that he could have made such an elementary—and catastrophic—medical mistake. ◆

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Stanley Kauffmann on Films
INSIGHTS

Like some European film-makers, Paul Schrader began his career as a critic. In 1972 he published *Transcendental Style in Film*, a perceptive study of Ozu, Bresson, and Dreyer. He then proceeded to write and direct some untranscendental films, such as *The Yakuza*, about Japanese gangsters; *Blue Collar*, about union workers; and *Hardcore*, about porn. But grit was not to be his sole métier. His career has ranged widely, including a fictionalized biopic about Yukio Mishima, and *The Comfort of Strangers*, a subtle stratagem set in Venice. Could it be that his initial critical overview made him hungry for different possibilities? In any case, whatever the degree of success in each instance, he has insisted on change.

Now Schrader reaches the Holocaust. The debate about the morally acceptable use of the Holocaust in art continues: so does the making of such art. Holocaust films are now a genre, which is not an unmixed blessing—or unmixed curse. *Adam Resurrected* is a benefit, slender but valid, partly because it is not a direct confrontation of the subject. The approach is oblique, implying rather than depicting horror. This approach, as used here, is not mere novelty: it treats an aspect of the Holocaust that has been less frequently dealt with and that, in at least some measure, expands our empathy. More: the protagonist, through his very character, is a concise sampling of large human contradictions.

Schrader's basic material was an old novel by the Israeli writer Yoram Kaniuk, which has been much translated and discussed, and much bruited about as a film project. Now, with a screenplay by Noah Stollman, Schrader gives it screen being. The principal setting is a nursing home in Israel for Holocaust survivors. Kaniuk gives his subject an oddly moving turn by focusing on a comedian in this home.

Adam Stein, a survivor still working on his survival, was a café comic in the Berlin of the early 1930s. His act, full of jokes and tricks, was seen by a Nazi officer, and when Adam was eventually arrested, that officer devilishly exploited the comic's performing temperament. The Nazi took him into his quarters and made Adam live and work like a dog: moving about on all fours, carrying things in his mouth, and so on.

ADAM RESURRECTED
Bleiberg Entertainment

THEATER OF WAR
White Buffalo Entertainment

DUST
Icarus Films

All this we learn in flashbacks. Most of the story is set in the 1960s, when Adam is still performing—seeming to perform his life now—in the survivors' home, still scarred in mind by the dog years. (The flashbacks are in black and white; the "present" is in the cool color of Sebastian Edschmid's camera.) His behavior is no longer canine, but he is a marked man, mordant, enforcedly smooth, moving among otherwise marked people in the home. For instance, one of them sweeps constantly without a broom; another always keeps her right arm raised. The comic, burdened by his own humiliating past, is given to occasional fits of violence that seem outbursts of long-delayed, misdirected revenge.

It is almost a matter of good luck for Adam that a boy of about ten is somehow brought to this home, a child who, through past mistreatment, imagines himself a dog and behaves like one as far as he can. The main thrust of the story is the interplay between Adam and the dog-like child, and how they redeem each other—how each can claim himself for himself. The story has a faint suggestion of Kafka, especially because of Adam's profession. Comedy, strangely apt, pervades Kafka's work. (Reiner Stach says of *The Trial* that "the text as a whole is terrifying, but the details are funny.") This is not to say that Schrader's film is anywhere near Kafka's level; still, its eerie humor and the idea of discovery through debasement remind us of him.

Adam Resurrected is rendered whole through its very making. First, the setting. Alexander Manasse has designed a building that seems both cleansing and comforting, a refuge where recovery from affliction may be possible. As with all good design, we feel that this is the only place where these events could have happened.

Next, and bizarrely perfect, comes Jeff Goldblum's performance as Adam. Throughout his career, Goldblum has often conveyed the sense that he is an amused observer of the troubles he is in. He has embodied the idea that comedy, sometimes painfully, persists just as constantly as woe. The first time I saw Goldblum, in *The Tall Guy* (1989), the opening shot of him was a close-up in a dinner jacket; then the camera moved down and revealed that he was wearing a tutu. He was even then playing a comedian, who had some serious things ahead of him in that picture. This combination, or contrast, has colored a lot of his work ever since, and it is central to his performance here. Adam is a man of torments, but, as with so many comics, that doesn't stop him from trying to be funny. Goldblum is ideal in the role. He makes the picture possible. (Authentic performances, less

ANTHONY RUSSO

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pivotal, come from Derek Jacobi as the head of the institution and Willem Dafoe as the Nazi officer.)

Then there is Schrader's directing. His work here is not only adroit—a toy train in the home dissolves into a Nazi train back then—it has an air of arrival, as if he had found a subject for which he had been searching. Of course he knows the antecedent Holocaust films, and he seems to anticipate a viewer's possible questions about this story. The way he handles his people and sustains the delicate atmosphere overcomes such doubts as they arise. He seems so convinced of the necessity for this film that, before long, we too accept it as an eccentric yet rewarding view of immense themes. *Adam Resurrected* becomes more than just another Holocaust film. Small but trenchant, it is an increase in experience.

Theater of War, directed by John Walter, is a documentary about the Public Theater's production in 2006 of *Mother Courage and Her Children*, Bertolt Brecht's play about a peddler during the Thirty Years' War who follows soldiers in a wagon drawn by her children. We get an adequate behind-the-scenes tour of the theatrical details, but the film is most valuable for its glimpses of Meryl Streep as she prepares her Mother Courage.

Tony Kushner, who did the adaptation for this production, speaks about the play movingly. Clips of Brecht at various ages dot the picture. His daughter, Barbara Brecht-Schall, now in her seventies, is heard but not seen as she reminisces about him and her mother, Helene Weigel, who first played the lead. Jeanine Tesori, who wrote the music, enlightens us about her method of work. The novelist and essayist Jay Cantor overloads the film with Marxist simplicities meant to illuminate the text. (One intent of the play—there are others—is to show war as a matter of business masked with windy verbiage.) Brecht's theater ideas, uniquely his, would have been more helpful.

Then there is Streep. We don't often get a chance to see an actor working on a part. The only previous example I know—fascinating, too—is a compilation of footage that was shot of Charles Laughton preparing the title role of *I, Claudius* in 1937. (The film was never finished.) The bits and pieces of Streep's rehearsals show her feeling her way into her characterization with insight and discretion. But her strongest moment comes at the end, when she speaks to us about why she wanted to do the play. Essentially, she almost shouts, she wants to know why—that is, she wanted to do a play that asks why men continue to make war when its grotesque costs of every kind are blatant.

Aldous Huxley said, "That men do not learn very much from the lessons of history is the most important of all the lessons that history has to teach." Possibly some version of Huxley's remark, found in herself, impelled Streep toward the play. In any case, her rehearsing and her comments give us an instance of an accomplished artist approaching a role.

From Germany comes another intriguing documentary. The very title, *Dust*, is attractive: this film, we feel, is going to examine a commonplace of our lives that we usually disregard but that is worth attention.

Hartmut Bitomsky, a well-known documentarian, has done just what his one-word title suggests—and more. He takes us past our daily encounters with dust into laboratories and plants where the very existence of dust provides a vocation. We learn that there are "dust libraries" in various countries and that international exchanges on the subject are constant and are helpful in dust control.

The film is crisp and clear as scientists who devote their lives to dust explain their techniques and purposes. These inquiries deal with industrial hazards, with explosions, with giant demolitions (nuclear blasts and 9/11 included) and their global effect. These subjects we might have expected. Less expected is the careful, specialized work of dusting that goes on in and for art museums and galleries, particularly with wooden sculpture and with painting. To see a white-gloved technician clean a painting with an ultra-soft brush is to murmur "Of course" knowingly about something we have probably never thought about.

But the crux of the film is the everyday—not factories or explosions or galleries but our homes. Bitomsky's film emphasizes that, however tidy we may be, dust is always lurking, waiting for us to let our guard down, trying to infiltrate with news of the world. It even brings human evidence: human cells are fairly constant in the mix. This picture is not a lesson in hygiene but an opening in awareness. There is no such thing as freedom from dust. We are surrounded, wherever we are, with (as one technician says) the invisible trying to make itself visible. This fact almost touches the metaphysical. ◆

Keith Christiansen

WHY MANTEGNA MATTERS

The dark beauty at the heart of the Renaissance.

I.

During the last two years I have had the good fortune of visiting no fewer than four exhibitions devoted to the work of the great fifteenth-century painter Andrea Mantegna. Mantegna died in 1506, and to commemorate the five hundredth anniversary of that event, three interrelated exhibitions were mounted in the three cities most closely associated with his name: Padua, the birthplace of the Roman historian Livy and the site of a renowned university, where Mantegna trained and established his position as the outstanding painter of north Italy; Verona, where in the great Romanesque church of San Zeno he left what must be reckoned as the defining painting of the early Renaissance; and Mantua, where for forty-six years Mantegna was employed by the ruling Gonzaga family.

Each exhibition contained wonderful works of art and had something to offer the serious viewer. Padua focused on the artist's formation in the shadow of Donatello, who moved there from Florence in 1443 and remained in Padua until 1453, leaving a series of works in bronze and marble that were crucial to Mantegna's development. Verona offered the possibility of viewing at close quarters the three main panels of the San Zeno altarpiece as well as getting re-acquainted with the charm—and the tedium—of late fifteenth-century Veronese painting. And Mantua provided the pleasure of revisiting the frescoed Camera degli Sposi in the Gonzagas' castle, which one illustrious visitor in the fifteenth century considered, quite simply, the most beautiful room in the world. (The exhibition itself was miserably installed and appallingly lit in ground-floor rooms of the ducal palace.) Yet the cumulative effect of these shows, which I saw on successive days, was curiously unsatisfying—

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like encountering one of those colossal marble statues of antiquity piecemeal, a fragment here and another there. It was impossible to get a full idea of the scale of Mantegna's achievement.

Now there is a remarkable show at the Louvre in Paris, and it is there that Mantegna emerges intact—and as the presiding genius of fifteenth-century painting. I suppose that some will find this assertion of Mantegna's importance hyperbolic. Some may even reject it out of hand. Surely, they will say, you must place Mantegna behind Masaccio and the great Piero della Francesca—and what about his brother-in-law, Giovanni Bellini? Well, I am not one to downplay the achievement of any of these artists, who have engaged the minds and the hearts of countless scholars and lovers of art (and who rank very high, certainly, on my own list of favorites). And yet I insist on the central and defining position of Mantegna not only because I believe it to be true, but because, for reasons of quite arbitrary aesthetic preferences, some critics have denied it to him.

Their point of departure is the misguided assumption that what gives importance to the art of the past is the way it prefigures the art of the present—a position that amounts to little more than aesthetic narcissism. Now, like Ernst Gombrich, I believe that there is never a wrong reason for admiring the work of an artist. But there are wrong reasons for dismissing it, and the problem with critics who have aesthetic misgivings about Mantegna's vision—a vision so exalted that even Federico da Montefeltro, the patron of Piero della Francesca, was left "*stupefatto*," or speechless, when he visited Mantua in 1482—is that it results in a skewed image of the work and denies the art its moral authority, which, after all, is what really mattered to Mantegna. I would go so far as to posit that no other Renaissance artist asserts with such rigorous insistence a sense of moral rectitude.

Remarkably, both Bernard Berenson and Roberto Longhi—two of the most influential critics of the twentieth century—saw Mantegna as a genius gone astray, an artist who sacrificed his natural talent to the humanist's dream of resurrecting antiquity. "Too great devotion to the Antique thus hampered Mantegna in all his movements, checking in every direction his free development, and curbing the natural course of his genius," wrote Berenson in 1907 in his essay on the northern Italian painters. Longhi, a critic of unsurpassed brilliance whose writings continue to shape scholarship in Italy, was even harsher, accusing Mantegna of a "*misticismo archeologico*," a mystic belief in the classical past, and of practicing a stylistic "imperialism"—"a desperate and subtle dogmatics no less imaginary than that practiced three centuries later by the Venetian Piranesi." Nor was this enough. In a famous review of the landmark exhibition of Giovanni Bellini held in the Doge's Palace in Venice in 1949, Longhi sought to reverse the commonly acknowledged indebtedness of Bellini to his older brother-in-law, arguing that from this reversal "judgments of moral value can be made: today, for all of us, Giovanni Bellini stands higher as an example of independence of spirit than Mantegna and, *a fortiori*, than every other Venetian or Paduan contemporary." Independence of spirit: the very thing Mantegna fought for all his life—sometimes going so far as to hire thugs to beat up poachers of his intellectual property.

Sad to say, many well-intentioned and fervently dedicated scholars have inadvertently contributed to this devastating image by making Mantegna's work a proving ground of their own erudition, with the result that, as in the case of Poussin two centuries later, its quality of moral urgency is lost. What these critics missed is that antiquity did not merely provide Mantegna with an outward form by which he might give his pictures a classical pedigree: the rich cultures of Greece and Rome were the lens through which he viewed the world. Nor was this interest purely visual. We know, from an inventory drawn up after his son's death in 1510, that Mantegna owned Cicero's *De officiis*, a translation of the *Aeneid*, treatises on rhetoric, Ovid's *The Art of Love*, and works by Terence, Martial, and Juvenal. But there was also Saint Jerome's translation of the Psalms as well as a book with psalms and prayers and another on the Passion of Christ. He was, in sum, a Christian stoic, keenly attuned to the foibles and weaknesses of character that lead to moral compromise and self-deception, and only too aware that genius is engaged in a perpetual battle with fate.

Consider, for a minute, what must be Mantegna's most famous image, of the dead Christ viewed in steep foreshortening, foot to head, laid out on a slab of marble with, crowded into the narrow space at the left, the mourning figures of his mother, Saint John (the beloved apostle), and a third figure, and, to the right, a view toward the back of a barren room—probably the tomb chamber—and the dark opening of a door. Painted in muted (and much faded) colors of tempera on canvas, the picture, which hangs in the Pinacoteca di Brera in Milan, has an almost overwhelming impact. There are the feet of Christ, with their lovingly described nail wounds, projecting beyond the marble slab into the viewer's space; the hands, also marked by the nails that pierced them on the cross, gently posed on the folds of the linen sheet that covers the lower half of the corpse; the head, turned slightly to the side, hauntingly peaceful in the way it is propped against a rose-colored silk pillow with an elegant watermarked decoration. There is the audacious cropping of Saint John's head, turned inward toward Jesus, with the partial view of his tightly clasped hands; the grief-stricken face of the Virgin, who raises a cloth to wipe away the tears that course down her aged cheeks; and the open mouth of the third figure, forming an almost audible moan.

All this cannot help but move the susceptible viewer, who finds himself at Christ's feet—in the position of Mary Magdalene, who bathed those same feet with her tears. The picture is a tour de force of artistic ingenuity and accomplishment, and it is no wonder that it has had such a lasting effect on so many later artists, from Annibale Carracci to the nineteenth-century German "purist" Wilhelm Trübner. But what sets Mantegna's painting apart, I think, is the way we see, at the far edge of the marble slab on the right, a beautifully depicted ointment jar (for the preparation of Christ's body) poignantly silhouetted against the empty corner of the chamber with that bleak, dark opening. Emptiness, and silence, broken only by the sobbing of the claustrophobically grouped mourning figures.

I know of paintings that treat this theme in a more touching fashion, and of paintings that treat it in a more ostentatiously dramatic way—for example, the hard-edged *Lamentation* by Carlo Crivelli in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. But I doubt that anyone has ever treated the theme of the dead Christ mourned by his followers with an equal sense of loss as they confront the frightening silence and emptiness of death. Certainly not Bellini, whose emotional world did not admit such dark, brooding feelings. Nor Piero, whose most memorable painting conveys the certainty of the Resurrection. Nor even Michelangelo, whose marvelous drawing of the *Pietà* in the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, with its inscription from Dante—"They think not how much blood it has cost"—is too heroically and eloquently tragic to have this kind of shattering impact.

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II.

Like so many of the heroes of Renaissance art, Mantegna did not enjoy a privileged childhood. His father was a poor carpenter who died before Mantegna had reached the age of twenty. By that time, perhaps with the assistance of his older brother, he had already passed through the workshop of Francesco Squarcione. A true Renaissance entrepreneur, Squarcione had transformed himself from a tailor into the head of the most prestigious workshop in Padua. A clever artist of little natural talent but enormous ambition, he assembled an incomparable array of studio props that included plaster casts of classical and modern sculpture and drawings by the most famous artists of the day. With these he set up a sort of academy in which his pupils—he claimed to have had 137—drew from the casts and learned the basics of perspective (though one student claimed Squarcione did not know what he was talking about). The unifying trait of those who studied with him was a fascination with antiquarian details and minutely described fruits and vegetables arranged in elaborate swags.

Andrea Mantegna, *Lamentation Over the Dead Christ,* 1470–75

A short list of those who were at one time associated with Squarcione—Marco Zoppo, the Dalmatian Giorgio Schiavone, Cosimo Tura, Mantegna—reveals that he had a keen eye for talent. He adopted Mantegna—his way of getting around any obligation to pay him for his work—but during a stay in Venice the brash youth sued for his independence and won. That was in 1448. Later that year, Mantegna was contracted to join a team of artists in the decoration of a chapel in the Augustinian convent of the Eremitani in Padua. He worked on the frescoes for more than a decade, eventually edging out his collaborators and leaving what was, until the disastrous bombing of the church in World War II, one of the greatest fresco cycles of the Renaissance—worthy to stand alongside Masaccio's work in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence and Piero della Francesca's famous cycle in San Francesco in Arezzo. Fortunately, a photographic campaign was carried out before the destruction.

Mantegna was only twenty-six when he completed work in the Ovetari Chapel, but he was already the most famous artist in northern Italy—the favorite of the intellectual elite, and a thorn in the side of the mediocrities who were his competition. Moreover, in 1453 he had married into the most important workshop in Venice, that of Jacopo Bellini. It was thus that he and Giovanni Bellini were thrown together, to the great advantage of both.

Such was his fame that in 1456 Gregorio Correr, the man charged with governing the ancient Benedictine monastery of San Zeno in Verona, commissioned from Mantegna an altarpiece. Correr was a man of immense learning (alongside Ludovico Gonzaga and Federigo da Montefeltro, he had been educated by the greatest teacher of the age, Vittorino da Feltre), and the altarpiece that Mantegna produced is a landmark in the history of art. Almost simultaneously he was invited to move to Mantua to become the court artist to Ludovico Gonzaga. A postponement was obtained while he finished the altarpiece, but in 1460 he packed up his belongings and his family and moved to Mantua, where he spent the rest of his life, freed from the tedium of running a workshop and competing for commissions.

It was in Mantua that Mantegna was able to explore an array of subjects and themes that few other artists of the fifteenth century could hope to treat. He designed a chapel for which he painted a series of small paintings of the life of the Virgin; he decorated the famous Camera degli Sposi, in which the everyday doings of the Gonzaga court are brought to life in a setting combining classical dignity with wry humor (as in the courtiers who, as every visitor remembers, look down on the viewer, smiling, from a trompe l'oeil opening in the ceiling); he painted a pair of complex allegories for the private study of Isabella d'Este, the wife of Francesco Gonzaga (these are now in the Louvre in Paris); and he managed to complete the ambitious project for nine large canvases depicting the *Triumphs of Caesar*.

The *Triumphs* quickly became the most famous paintings of their time, and they secured for Mantegna lasting fame. Rubens studied them during his stay in Mantua, and Goethe knew the compositions from the set of woodcuts made by Andrea Andreani in the late sixteenth century. Taken from Mantua to England in 1629, the esteem in which these pictures were held was such that when Charles I was beheaded in 1649, they were exempted from the sale of royal possessions. It seems to have been Mantegna's intention that they be displayed as a continuous frieze, high up, separated by classical pilasters. The effect would have been like that of a tableau vivant: a triumphant moment in Roman history brought magically back to life. Details such as a stray dog peering around a figure's leg, a bald man bent over from the fatigue of carrying a suit of armor on a pole, or spectators viewing the scene from behind grilled windows bring the scenes to life, while the floppy-eared elephants and decorated chariot, elegantly drawn by a white horse and accompanied by frolicking children,

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endow the canvases with an exotic beauty. Even today, in their much compromised state in Hampton Court, they remain an impressive sight.

An incident well known to art historians gives us a rare glimpse of the way in which life and intellectual interests came together in the everyday world of Mantegna, as well as in his art. In September 1464, the artist set out with a group of friends for an excursion on Lago di Garda. There was the eccentric humanist scholar and scribe Felice Feliciano, and the painter Samuele da Tradate, and the Gonzaga architect-engineer Giovanni da Padova. Each assumed a role, as if they were Romans: Samuele played "emperor," Mantegna was the "consul." Felice wore a garland of myrtle and ivy, and Samuele sang and played the lute as they sailed around the lake in a boat decorated with carpets and laurel. They explored the islands for classical inscriptions and monuments, one of which they ingeniously identified as a shrine to Diana and her nymphs. An orchard seemed—inevitably, we might say—to have the appearance of the gardens of the Muses. And upon returning they entered a church to give thanks to the Virgin and her son, whom they—no less predictably—addressed as "the supreme Thunderer and his glorious mother." What we have here is a romantic antiquarianism: a charming masquerade that nonetheless indicates a serious desire not simply to read about the Roman past and study its remains, but also to participate in its very lifeblood. It is this quality of imagination that Mantegna brought to the *Triumphs of Caesar*.

For all that, Mantegna brought no less conviction to pictures with traditional devotional themes. It is truly remarkable that this proud, litigious, ambitious, and difficult man painted some of the most tender pictures of the Madonna and Child in all of Christian art. Their special qualities were beautifully described by Roger Fry in an article in 1905 that, for its critical insight, has never been surpassed. Of the exquisite *Madonna and Child* in the Accademia Carrara in Bergamo, Fry observed that "[the Madonna] lives a life apart, a life in which feelings unknown to us, more intense than ours, still do not avail to ruffle the serenity of a superhuman insight. In the Child the main idea is more on a plane with that of other artists, notably with Bellini. Like him Mantegna here gives expression to the agony of a mind already conscious of the burden it has taken upon it, but even so the sense of mystery is stronger than in Bellini, and with a greater realism there is yet a greater remoteness." Of the even more touching *Madonna and Child* in the Gemäldegalerie in Berlin, Fry noted that "There is here no idealization in the ordinary sense, no attempt to escape from the facts. All the penalty, all the humiliation, almost the squalor attendant on being 'made flesh' are marked." Is it any wonder that Mantegna's engraving of the Virgin seated on the ground, bent over the child she cradles in her lap, should have inspired Rembrandt to create one of his most intimate as well as most affecting etchings?

III.

This brings us to what was, for me, the excitement of the exhibition in Paris: the three reunited panels from the predella (the support below the altarpiece proper) of the San Zeno Altarpiece. Following Napoleon's defeat of Verona in 1797, Mantegna's great masterpiece was disgracefully removed from the deconsecrated monastery of San Zeno and taken as booty to France for display in the Musée Central des Arts. It was returned to Verona in 1815, following Napoleon's defeat—minus the three predella panels, two of which had been exiled to Tours in 1806. The third, showing the Crucifixion, is one of the treasures of the Louvre, where Dégas, for one, copied it in 1861. (Appropriately, his copy is now in the Musée des Beaux-Arts in Tours.) The last time these three panels could be seen together was in 1956.

The three panels illustrate events from Christ's Passion: the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, the Crucifixion on Golgotha, and the Resurrection. Taken individually, each seems an astonishing and perfect work of art. The balance between figure and landscape, between narrative drama and the continuum of life, between detailed description and spatial scope, is, to use a worn-out term, miraculous. But when seen together, they truly are a revelation: a tour de force of the most elevated imagination. What had never struck me before is Mantegna's brilliant and deeply poetic insight of showing the Agony against an evening sky, the Crucifixion at midday, and the Resurrection at dawn, with a pale pink horizon contrasting with the brilliant, coral-colored light emanating from Christ within the cavern sheltering his tomb. No less marvelous is the attention lavished on the depiction of the city of Jerusalem in the background of each scene, viewed in each instance from a different topographical position: from the Mount of Olives, from Golgotha, and from the cemetery where Christ was buried. By these devices Mantegna encourages viewers to experience the events depicted in a new way, journeying in their imagination from sacred site to sacred site and moving from one day to the next. Just as in the main panels of the altarpiece the Virgin and her court are made more palpable by being sited in a meticulously described classical pavilion that is complemented by the real architecture of the frame, so in the predella everything is conceived to inspire a deeper, more intimate, and more personal reflection on the events of the Passion.

Verisimilitude—one of the driving forces of Renaissance painting—here achieves a new level of complexity. And what explains this complexity? I believe that some credit must go to the man who commissioned the altarpiece, Gregorio Correr. As already noted, he had had a humanist education and was an admirer of the writings of Augustine and Jerome. Surely, in discussing the altarpiece with Mantegna, he set forth a number of texts that should inform the individual scenes: not necessarily a carefully written-out program, but rather a series of literary references, in line with Horace's famous dictum that painting is, after all, a kind of silent poetry. These sources must have ranged from the Old and New Testaments to Saint Jerome's Latin edition of Eusebius's *Onomasticon* (a dictionary of place names in sacred history), Augustine's *Expositions on the Book of Psalms*, Flavius Josephus's *The Jewish War* (with its detailed description of Jerusalem on the eve of its destruction by Titus in 70 C.E.), and the thirteenth-century devotional book *The Meditations on the Life of Christ*.

One of the favorite exercises of humanist writers was to compose a written description of a picture, imagined or real, as a sort of assertion of the superiority of the descriptive powers of the writer's pen over the painter's brush. Mantegna's paintings seem to proceed from this sort of thinking—asserting, however, the superiority of the brush over the pen. To demonstrate what I have in mind, I have attempted to compose a pseudo-humanist description—an ekphrasis—of the *Agony in the Garden*, incorporating, as such texts often do, passages from the kinds of books that Correr might have brought to Mantegna's attention. So:

It is evening and the cloud-scudded sky is still lit by the dying rays of the sun, which has sunk behind the distant hill, its soft, golden light delicately illuminating the walls of the ancient city of Jerusalem below Mount Zion. Jesus, having foretold his fate to the disciples and hav-

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ing sung with them a Passover hymn, has "crossed the Kedron ravine" (John 18:1) to the Mount of Olives and entered a garden, "a place called Gethsemane," taking with him "Peter and the two sons of Zebedee" (Matthew 26:36-37). The three disciples, exhausted by the day's events, lie sleeping in the foreground, "worn out by grief" (Luke 22:45), while behind and above them, "about a stone's throw" (Luke 22:41)—"not as when the arm is violently agitated, but as when the stone is thrown without great force"—Jesus kneels in prayer, "in anguish of spirit." "And now there appeared to him an angel from heaven bringing him strength" (Luke 22:43-44). The angel, descending at a sharp angle from on high, flies on colored wings and leaves behind a trail of swirling clouds, his silhouette defined against the sharp-edged shafts of stone of a rocky outcrop. In his hands, delicately yet firmly, he carries a chalice from which Christ must take his bitter drink.

A crystalline light plays across the face of Christ and the rocky escarpment, illuminating the angel from below. "My Father," implores Christ, looking up with his pained face, his lips parted in speech, "if it is not possible for this cup to pass me by without my drinking it, thy will be done" (Matthew 26:42). Two fruit-bearing trees—a quince and an apple—stand like lonely sentinels of hope in this scene of arid desolation. Yet a vine has somehow managed to flourish, bringing forth grapes amid the dead branches of a blasted tree. There must once have been a garden of great beauty here—a veritable Eden from before the Fall—for on the hard slopes behind Christ can be seen barren stumps, hacked near to the ground: "now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees. Every tree, therefore, which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire" (Luke 3:9). This orchard was once pollinated by bees that swarm around a pair of hives set up on a shelf of rocks.

Around the edges of the mount, marking its boundaries, flows a stream, its surface rippled by the fast-flowing current as it winds its way through the Valley of Jehoshaphat "between the Mount of Olives and Jerusalem." Two bridges, constructed from the cleaved trunks of trees, traverse the stream. They will be crossed by the approaching mob led by Judas, who pauses to look back at "a detachment of soldiers, and police provided by the chief priests and Pharisees, equipped with … weapons" (John 18:3). A small rabbit stops in fright on the near bridge; the winding path leads up to the main gate of Jerusalem, "fortified by three walls," with towers "twenty cubits broad and twenty high, square and solid as the wall itself," and dominated at its highest point by a fortress. "Owing to its strength [this portion of the city] was called by King David … the Stronghold, but we called it the upper agora" (Josephus). By contrast, in the lower city is seen the domed mass of the temple, proud as the Pantheon, its circular walls with a revêtement of an arched colonnade. Yet another part of the city extends down a slope, "encompassed by deep ravines [so that] the precipitous cliffs on either side of it rendered the town nowhere accessible" (Josephus). Here the walls and the towers have been allowed to crumble and fall into ruin; pointed staves, driven into the ground, block the only entrance.

Below this, directly above a cleavage in the cliff, can be seen the fountain of Siloam, "for so we called that fountain of sweet and abundant water" (Josephus). From the spigot of this fountain water splashes onto the rocks below, feeding the stream that runs past the advancing mob and the sleeping apostles. Only days before, Jesus had passed near this very spot and wept over the sight of Jerusalem, saying, "If only you had known, on this great day, the way that leads to peace! But no; it is hidden from your sight. For a time will come upon you, when your enemies will set up siege-works against you; they will encircle you and hem you in at every point; they will bring you to the ground, you and your children within your walls, and not leave you one stone standing on another, because you did not recognize God's moment when it came" (Luke 19:41-44). That day came not four decades later, when Titus gave his troops orders "to encamp at a distance of six furlongs from Jerusalem at the mount called the Mount of Olives, which lies over against the city on the east, being separated from it by a deep intervening ravine called Kedron" (Josephus). It is on this same place that we see Jesus praying, and it is to this place, so filled with mournful memories, that Mantegna has brought us.

If this exercise has any useful application to the practice of looking at pictures, it is to remind us of the descriptive richness of Mantegna's paintings and the degree to which they contain potential prompts for the informed viewer: his pictures incorporate memories and associations. Thus, the bees swarming around their beehive could have reminded one viewer of Augustine's commentary on a verse in Psalm 118, "They compassed me about like bees"—a reference, according to Augustine, to Christ's capture. Others might have been reminded of the fourth book of Virgil's *Georgics*, which deals with the care of bees and describes the hives exactly as Mantegna has painted them. These kinds of literary references may be viewed as the complement to the classical architecture and the antiquarian details of the Virgin's pavilion in the main panels of the altarpiece. Here *misticismo archeologico* and humanist scholarship combine in the creation of an altarpiece of unprecedented allusive richness and expressivity, with images that must always have been read on multiple levels by audiences with vastly different educations, some able to elaborate imaginatively on the visual clues the artist provided, while others must have remained intent on the human drama.

But of course expressiveness was unquestionably at the forefront of Mantegna's conception. In no earlier treatment of the Agony in the Garden does Christ's suffering acquire this quality of an existential crisis. It is made more poignant by the uncomprehending apostles asleep in the foreground, their poses studiously varied; the tour-de-force foreshortening of the descending angel—messenger of the bitter consolation sent from heaven; the stony, barren terrain of the foreground, and the threatening crowds arriving in the distance, with the soft green hill of Jerusalem set against the incandescent light of the evening sky. All the signifiers of artistic accomplishment that led the father of Raphael, Giovanni Santi, to rank Mantegna the supreme artist of his day are incorporated into this depiction without in any way detracting from the narrative.

If I were to seek a later literary parallel for Mantegna's achievement, I would suggest—arbitrarily, I admit—the quality of observation and immersion in nature that is found in the novels of Thomas Hardy, in which narrative and description of setting support each other so eloquently and unforgettably. I am thinking, for example, of that marvelous passage in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* in which Hardy describes two figures, journeying in an atmosphere of "stale familiarity" on the road to Weydon-Priors: "a road neither straight nor crooked, neither level nor hilly, bordered by hedges, trees, and other vegetation, which had entered the blackened-green stage of colour that the doomed leaves pass through on their way to dingy, and yellow, and red." Mantegna had a similar ability to describe character, and a similar interest in embedding the protagonists of his narratives in the world at large, which he often enough

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portrays as indifferent or even threatening. His paintings embrace the microcosmic vision of Netherlandish practice, which we know he admired and studied, but they confer upon it a dramatic focus and a narrative urgency.

On several occasions Mantegna gave visual exposition to his attitude toward his life as an artist. Perhaps the most explicit is a composition that has come down to us in an engraving by a printmaker who frequently worked from Mantegna's designs. It allegorizes humanity under the reign of Ignorance, shown as an obese woman seated on a globe holding a rudder to signify the vagaries of Fortune. The globe is supported by three-legged sphinxes, sacks of money alongside them. Ignorance is advised by Ingratitude, shown blindfolded, and by Avarice, a skinny old woman with sagging breasts and pointed ears. Beside them burn branches of laurel, the traditional symbol of virtue and merit. Mantegna titled this part of the composition VIRTUS COMBUSTA: "Virtue Set Ablaze." To the left are shown another group of figures who grope their way, only to fall into a pit. A blind, nude female figure is guided to her fate by another figure with asses' ears—Error—and is encouraged by a bagpipe-playing satyr with webbed feet and bats' wings: Lust. Another man has a cloth tied over his head and holds a dog on a leash. Is he Fraud? In the pit below bodies have piled up. To one side we see a woman transformed into a laurel tree: Virtue deserted amid the thorns and ruins of civilization.

Mantegna derived this image from a dialogue written by Leon Battista Alberti. One of the discarded marble blocks is inscribed with letters that ominously declare, "Ignorance is always opposed to Virtue." We know that Mantegna attached a personal meaning to this idea, for he voiced it in letters to Francesco Gonzaga. But to the right, Mercury, the inventor of the arts, the god of eloquence and logic, arrives, and like a figure of Christ at the gates of Hell he reaches out and rescues one of the victims of Ignorance. It is a remarkable *invenzione*, and one that speaks volumes about Mantegna.

We like to think of the Renaissance in terms of optimism and the progress of the human spirit—rather as Jacob Burckhardt framed the period in the nineteenth century. But the truth is darker and more complicated. Both Leonardo da Vinci and Mantegna cast a far more critical and even a pessimistic eye on the world around them, and what they saw was ignorance, folly, wantonness—and a lack of recognition of real genius. It is this biting, incisive, exalted mind that gives the art of Mantegna such an extraordinary edge and moral authority. And it is that which makes it very much the antidote to our frivolous and foolish times. ◆

Robert Alter
ONLY A MAN

YEHUDA AMICHAI: THE MAKING OF ISRAEL'S NATIONAL POET
By Nili Scharf Gold
(Brandeis University Press, 445 pp., $35)

This is a disheartening book. As the first full-scale biographical-critical study of one of the great poets of the twentieth century, it invites high expectations, and it repeatedly disappoints them. The problem does not stem from any lack of dedication in the research on which the book draws. Nili Gold has sedulously labored in the Amichai archives at the Beinecke Library at Yale, and she has uncovered a variety of interesting materials. She has interviewed many people who knew Amichai at various stages of his life—he died in 2000, at the age of seventy-six—and has gained access to a trove of Amichai letters not in the Beinecke collection. She has walked through the squares and streets of Wurzburg, in southern Germany, where Amichai spent his first twelve years, and unearthed there useful information about his childhood friends, his school, the shul where his Orthodox father worshipped, his frightening encounters with Hitler Youth thugs. And yet the image of the poet that emerges from Gold's treatment of all these biographical materials is often deeply misleading, sometimes in exceedingly exasperating ways.

The first difficulty is that Gold is a writer who never met an idea that she could not run into the ground. Her book presents two purportedly new ideas: the centrality to Amichai's work, first, of his Germanness, and second, of what is represented as his first great love, for a woman now living in New York, with whom he was smitten at the age of twenty-three. I will begin with the question of the German background. Several recent researchers working in the Amichai archives have reported a surprising presence of German in his notebooks: German marginal comments on drafts of the poems, German alternatives to lines of the Hebrew poetry, and at least one entire German poem that was recast in Hebrew. Gold does not mention an additional fact reported by people who knew Amichai in the 1950s: that the language of communication between him and his first wife, Tamar, was quite often German. Israeli critics—notably Shimon Sandbank—have long recognized Amichai's affinity with Rilke. Gold uncompromisingly insists that Rilke is a crucial influence on Amichai's poetry, but mentions Auden and Dylan Thomas only once in passing, though they were demonstrably at least as powerful models for the young Hebrew poet as Rilke.

The German background is strenuously invoked here in the repeated insistence on the decisive influence of Amichai's boyhood on his sense of self and on his future course as a poet. His original family name was Pfeuffer; the twenty-three-year-old poet, on the eve of Israel's War of Independence, chose the Hebrew surname Amichai, which means "my people lives." It is less generally known that everyone in Wurzburg addressed him as Ludwig, and not, as he would later recall to interviewers, as Yehuda, the Hebrew name bestowed on him at his circumcision. Gold dramatically construes this misrecollection as part of a lifelong project of "suppression." In her account, Amichai was determined to conceal his German past. It is a construction I would question. Ludwig is grotesquely foreign-sounding to Hebrew ears (as it would be to American ones). One readily understands that the twelve-year-old new immigrant to the *yishuv* immediately preferred to be called Yehuda, and that later it was easy for him to remember himself in Germany as Yehuda. This is hardly evidence of a systematic effort of concealment.

Again and again, Gold asks why Amichai did not represent his German childhood in his poetry, except fragmentarily and obliquely. The inconvenient fact that his major novel, *Not of This Time, Not of This Place*, devotes elaborate attention to Wurzburg (which is given the fictional name Weinburg) is not allowed to trouble Gold's thesis of suppression, because the book is fiction, not poetry, and hence is thought somehow to belong to a dif-

Robert Alter's new book, American Prose and the King James Version, will appear in late 2009.

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ferent category in regard to the writer's relation to his early years. But Gold's notion of Amichai's "poetics of camouflage" rests on an entirely unexamined assumption—that it is the task of the poet to represent his life directly and in full, and hence that biography is always the key to the meaning of the poems. This is a thoroughly bizarre notion. In their many ways, poets muse on the world around them, responding to loss, to love, to nature, to historical events, and to much else in the reality that immediately impinges on them. Sometimes they may recall their childhood, though this is more the exception than the rule. Do we say that Wallace Stevens or T. S. Eliot suppressed his childhood because there is not much evidence of it in the poems?

The fact that Amichai's childhood is no more than a background to some of his poems is surely explained more plausibly not as an act of camouflage but as an understandable preference to write about the excitements and pain of his loves, about the wars in which he fought, about the landscape of Jerusalem, and about other aspects of the world in which he was immersed as an adult. And even as he responded in his poetry to present experience, he also repeatedly wrote about his father as he remembered him from childhood, and his one long autobiographical poem, "The Travels of the Last Benjamin of Tudela," abounds in childhood memories. Amichai's native language and native land were surely important to him, but is one really entitled to speak of "the German world that formed the core of his being"? Gold asks us to contemplate German as "the language that reverberated in Amichai's ears when he was still in the womb," and ever in pursuit of German maternality, she writes that "a careful reading of Amichai's oeuvre reveals that he continued nursing from the distant breast of his German childhood." It is not clear how one nurses from a distant breast; but the difficulty of the metaphor betrays a fundamental problem with the absolute and unflagging intimacy of connection with German origins, however removed they became temporally and experientially, for which Gold argues so rigidly.

The primacy of German is then read into the poetry. Oddities of syntax, which abound in much Hebrew poetry, even when it uses a more or less colloquial diction, are claimed—implausibly, at least in some of the proffered instances—to be translations of German syntax. "Segments of Amichai's poems," Gold asserts, "can only be fully understood and appreciated when translated into German." When Gold discovers a single complete poem that exists in both German and Hebrew versions, she calls this "a covert admission by Amichai that he was camouflaging German in his work," and proceeds, quite without warrant, to conclude that "translation from German to Hebrew was an integral part of Amichai's poetic practice." In the same dubious vein, since the protagonist of *Not of This Time, Not of This Place* gives us Hebrew versions of the Weinburg rabbi's German sermons, Gold concludes that "Amichai unintentionally reveals a secret: his Hebrew poetry was in some way a translation from the language he had absorbed as a child."

Yehuda Amichai with John Berryman and Octavio Paz, Spoleto, 1967

COURTESY HANA AMICHAI

Not only is this extravagant inference wholly undemonstrated, but a close reading of Amichai's brilliant stylistic achievement readily shows, in one instance after another, that he constantly exploited the intrinsic properties of the Hebrew language—its associative richness, its layered past, the play of overlapping sounds it enabled, the distinctive expressive possibilities of its syntax, grammar, and linguistic registers. That is why Amichai is hard to translate, even as his poetry gives the illusion of being altogether accessible in translation. To imagine that all this wonderfully resourceful use of the Hebrew language is "in some way" ultimately a stand-in for an invisible German original strains credence to the breaking point.

As to the biographical account of Amichai, Gold's book tells us almost nothing about his life after the age of twenty-four. In one respect, this cut-off point is justified, because her aim is to explain the "making" of the poet. But the result is drastically to skew the portrait of someone who continued to evolve as a person and as a poet. Gold assumes that there are only two decisive causes of Amichai's character and career as a poet—his German childhood and his early love affair with the woman here identified as Ruth Z. But Amichai's involvement with Ruth Z. is another instance in which Gold's discoveries as a researcher gravely distort her perception of her subject.

Amichai met Ruth Z. in January 1947, when they were both studying at a teachers' college in Jerusalem. While he began working as an elementary school teacher, they were together in Haifa and in the town of Binyamina. In September 1947, she left for what was supposed to be a year of study in New York, leaving Amichai in the hope, or perhaps the expectation, that they would marry. Over the next eight months, he wrote her three times a week, sometimes incorporating poems into his letters. She then informed him that she had met another man whom she was going to marry. The young Amichai was devastated, and, as poets are wont to do, he went on to write poems—some of them quite extraordinary—about the breakup of their relationship. (It is far from clear that all his poems about the end of an affair, a subject that continued to compel him, were about Ruth Z., though Gold appears to assume this.)

It is certainly to Gold's credit that she managed to locate Ruth Z. in New York, to interview her at length, and to persuade the octogenarian woman to let her read the ninety-eight letters from Amichai that she had saved in a closed box

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for sixty years. Evidently Gold was not given permission to quote passages from the letters, so all the book can offer is her summaries of their content, which makes it a little hard to judge precisely what sort of biographical testimony they provide. In any case, Gold, having gotten hold of this previously unknown set of documents, is convinced that they are an indispensable key to Amichai's life, and to his whole enterprise as a poet. Much is made of the centrality of the experience of abandonment to Amichai's sense of self. The young writer's abandonment by his lover is somehow linked to the purported sense of abandonment he experienced in leaving Germany. This last notion is not quite coherent. After all, Amichai emigrated from Germany, in 1936, in the company of two loving parents as well as his sister. He left Wurzburg behind, nobody left him behind. But for Gold the theme of abandonment runs through the life, and from the life through the poetry. The occurrence in a letter to Ruth Z. of the ordinary Hebrew verb *azav*, which means "left" or "abandoned," suffices for her to claim that the letter is the kernel of a poem on this subject.

The love and the loss of Ruth Z. engulfed Amichai for a year or two, but there is scant evidence that they constituted the sort of watershed experience that explains the making of a writer. Moreover, Ruth Z. was not Amichai's first great love. In his senior year in high school he fell in love with another Ruth, whose last name was Falk. The couple were so serious about each other that they wanted to marry, a plan that their parents prudently scotched. Ruth Falk is never even mentioned by Gold—no doubt because it would compromise her notion of the looming importance of the affair with Ruth Z. In a related adjustment of the factual record, Gold claims that when Amichai, in her company, spotted Ruth Z. at a public lecture in New York in 1997, he identified her with alacrity as the woman whom he had once loved and written about. According to his journal, however, it was Ruth Z. who hunted him down after the lecture, and subsequently pestered him with letters and newspaper clippings.

Amichai would go on to other loves (and losses) that do not appear to have resembled his relationship with Ruth Z. If he often wrote movingly about the sadness of parting, he also wrote many memorable poems about the exuberance of passion, something one would scarcely guess from Gold's book. Especially noteworthy in this regard is the cycle of poems from the 1960s titled "Poems of Achziv," a wild and witty celebration of the erotic. Here is a characteristic sequence of lines: "I learned to relate to your sex / as to a face. / I speak its archaic language. / It is wrinkled and made of stuff more ancient / than all the remembered generations that are written in books." Abandonment, the pain of emigration, the loss of German—the "poetics of camouflage"—do not seem to exert their baneful force here.

Gold wants us to accept that Amichai's letters to Ruth Z. are "a time capsule that transports us back to the true history of the poet's art," though her summaries of the letters do not persuasively support this far-reaching claim. Since Amichai subsequently did not speak explicitly about this early affair, at least not publicly, his reticence is construed as an effort to "camouflage" it. Gold explains this particular act of silence with the fact, documented by the letters, that as early as 1947 Amichai was writing poems and expressing the ambition to devote his life to poetry. In various interviews, he himself identified the early 1950s as the time when he began to become a poet. Gold, erroneously claiming that Amichai located his literary beginnings in 1948–1949, regards this purported fact as evidence that he wished his career as a poet to coincide with Israel's national narrative.

Deconstructing the Zionist national narrative has become one of the more tiresome exercises of Hebrew criticism over the past two decades, and much of Gold's book pursues that aim in relation to Amichai's poetic career. "Amichai had to camouflage Ruth Z.," she writes, losing her grip on the correct English usage of this verb, "because his time with her contradicted the creative autobiography he had forged, which had him bursting forth as a poet because of, and in unison with, the establishment of the state." I am not aware that Amichai ever claimed that he emerged as a poet because of the establishment of the state. It would be surprising if he never wrote any poems or thought about becoming a poet before 1948; but whatever he wrote before that date seems to have been, aesthetically speaking, unripe. Gold admits as much about the poems of Amichai's dalliance with Ruth Z. in Binyamina that appear in the letters that he wrote to her; and her confident contention that some of the poems published in the 1950s were written during this first affair cannot be conclusively verified.

When Amichai said that he became a poet after Israel's War of Independence, he may have been making the merely chronological observation that he began to write viable poetry during those years. The idea that he should have been thought of as "Israel's national poet" would have been entirely abhorrent to him, as I can attest from a friendship that spanned several decades. Gold, of course, views this matter quite differently. Referring to a group of poems titled "In the Public Garden," which she oddly characterizes as an "epic," she writes:

The Rustle of History's Wings, As They Used to Say

Not far from the train tracks, near the bruising post office,
I saw a porcelain plaque on an old house, and I knew
this was the name of the son of the man
whose girl I stole years ago: she left him
and came to me and this young man was born
to another woman and knew nothing about
all this.

Those were the days of a great love and a great fate,
the foreign government imposed a curfew on the city
and confined us to a sweet union in a room,
guarded by heavily armed soldiers.

For five shillings I exchanged the exile name
of my fathers for a proud Hebrew name that suited hers.

That whore ran off to America and married a man,
a spice dealer, pepper, cinnamon, and cardamom,
leaving me with my new name and with the war.

The rustle of history's wings, as they used to say
then, which almost killed me in battle,
blew a pleasant breeze across her face
in her secure location.

And with the wisdom of warfare they told me to carry
my first-aid bandage on the spot over my heart,
the stupid heart that still loved her
and the intelligent heart that would forget.

YEHUDA AMICHAI

Translated from the Hebrew by Leon Wieseltier

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"He not only camouflaged identities and content in this epic, but actually kept it from publication for over a decade, never revealing when it was written, so as not to endanger his national poetic persona." In fact, a national persona was something that Amichai avoided like the plague. In conversation he often made wicked fun of certain Israeli poets who cultivated a public or "national" persona.

It is true that Amichai became a beloved and very widely read poet in Israel, but he was by no means a national poet, nor would he ever have wanted to be. On the contrary: much of his appeal to Israeli readers lay precisely in his ability to remain an unassuming private person in his poems, and to speak repeatedly on behalf of the preciousness of private experience in times of war, urgent national duty, and ideological stridency.

There is one other thing wrong with Nili Gold's book, and it is that she has a rather dim notion of how to read a poem. At least some of this deficiency stems from her fixed idea that poetry is finally confessional or autobiographical, and hence that only through the biographical details can we grasp the "real" meaning of the poem. Thus, the very mention of the notion of translation in the poems—a topic to which Amichai devoted rich reflection, early and late—must invariably be construed as a reference to his alleged personal anguish in being caught between his native language and his acquired one. But even when she moves beyond biography, when she tries to do close readings of particular poems, Gold falls into the most fanciful and questionable interpretive inferences drawn from formal features such as sound and word length. Since "And the Migration of My Parents" begins with an alliteration of hard g's and r's, she concludes that the Hebrew verb *gur*—which means both to fear and to sojourn—is announced through the sound (subliminally?) as the theme of the poem. On a sonnet cycle that begins with the words *ahavnu kan*, "we loved here," Gold performs the following contortion: "Combining the trisyllabic, informative word *ahavnu* with the laconic *kan* creates an imbalance of meaning as well as of sound. The pronunciation of *ahavnu* is drawn out, the second syllable long and emphasized, while *kan* is terse; as a result, the prolonged feeling or action of love, *ahavnu*, is almost halted by the brief *kan* that follows it." This reads like a parody of the New Criticism that reigned in America in the 1940s—and this effect is compounded at the end of this analysis when Gold says that it is "significant" that *kan* is used and not its common synonym *po* because "*po* ends with an open sound, a vowel, while *kan* ends with a consonant and therefore sounds more finite." Gold would have done well to consult Benjamin Harshav's classic essay "Do Sounds Have Meaning?," which demonstrates through meticulous analysis that particular sound-clusters never have intrinsic meaning, and that it is the semantic momentum of any sequence of lines that generates the illusion that the meaning is somehow conveyed by recurrent sounds. But I suspect that bad habits of reading such as those exhibited in this book are not amenable to correction.

Amichai was often melancholy in his poems, but he was also an extraordinarily playful poet—sometimes even in poems with very somber themes. His humor, his delight in language, his zest for experience: all are significant elements of the distinctive allure of his poetry, and all are conspicuously absent from Gold's book. I will offer just one counter-example to the portrait of soul-wounding displacement and constant disguise that she presents: the fourth poem in a sequence of eight titled "The Visit of the Queen of Sheba." Astoundingly, Gold, pursuing the biographical fallacy with a vengeance, takes the prominence of a sea voyage in this cycle of poems as evidence that "the pain of immigration and the memories of a traumatic voyage underlie all these segments." It is mystifying how she could discover pain in the carnivalesque joyfulness of this poem, or personal memory in a fantastic narrative set in the time of Solomon.

Here is what the poetry actually sounds like (the translation is mine).

Fish blew through the sea
and through the long anticipation.
Captains
steered by the map of her longing and
the rings of her belly.
The nipples of her breasts went before
her like spies,
Her hair whispered together like
plotters.
In the dark corners between sea and
hull
the counting began, silently.
In the constant trill of her blood
a solitary bird sang. Rules fell
from the books of nature. Clouds were
torn up like contracts.
At noon she dreamt
of sex in white snow and egg-yolk
dreams
and yellow-wax pleasure. All the air
was pressed
to be breathed in her. The sailors called
out
in the language of foreign fish.
But beneath the world, beneath the sea
were musical notes as in chanting the
Bible.
Everything sang each other.

This exuberant, erotically charged voyage northward through the Red Sea manifestly has nothing whatever to do with the flight by steamer of the Pfeuffer family from Venice to Haifa. The untrammeled playfulness of poetic imagination here shows not the least trace of an experience of traumatic displacement. One might note, for example, the extravagant comic image of the Queen of Sheba's nipples erect with anticipatory arousal, going before her like the spies in the Book of Numbers who were sent ahead to scout out the Promised Land. The seascape of the poem is not in any way threatened by a murderous regime but, on the contrary, is a world in which everything sings to each other; and in a characteristic enlisting of imagery from the realm of the sacred for the profane, underneath the world are cantillation markings, *ta'amei neginah*, like the ones under the Hebrew text of the Prophets that guide the chanting of these texts during Sabbath and holiday services.

The most delectable lines of this poem, the ones devoted to the sexual fantasies of the Queen of Sheba, are also the juncture at which the inventive energy of the original is least visible in translation (and most resistant to any far-fetched notion of back-translation from German). As happens often in Amichai's poetry, the play of sound builds a strong momentum that moves in free association from word to word, the sounds virtually generating the words that follow in the syntactic chain through phonetic kinship. The two and a half lines beginning with "At noon she dreamt" sound like this in the Hebrew: *batzohorayim halmah al / mishgal besheleg lavan vahalomot helmon / ve'oneg donag tzahov*. The promiscuity of intermingled sounds replicates the promiscuity of the Queen's erotic imaginings, leading the language into fantastic places: the sex is in snow because *mishgal* and *sheleg* share the same three consonantal root letters, with the order of the last two reversed in the word for snow; the egg yolks, perhaps suggesting body fluids or farcical orgies, appear in her dream because *helmon*, egg yolk, is close in sound to *halomot*, dreams; and the pleasure is yellow-

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wax (chromatic cousin to the egg yolk) because *oneg*, pleasure, and *donag*, wax, make a virtual rhyme.

These lines, like most of Amichai's poetry, testify to a poet in absolute command of the expressive resources of the Hebrew language. For all of Amichai's attachment to his first language, it is hard to imagine that he could have exhibited this sort of virtuosity in German, and the idea that a hidden German subtext must be uncovered in the poems in order to fully understand them is preposterous. Though the subject of this early poem may not be entirely representative, the élan of playfulness and the linguistic inventiveness are entirely characteristic of Amichai's verse, and one still encounters them, sometimes in spectacular configurations, in the late poems that brood over the destruction of European Jewry.

At the end of her book, Gold immodestly announces that "the discoveries and analyses presented in this book demand a sea change in the interpretation of Amichai's oeuvre from this point forward." Her account of the poet certainly demonstrates the importance of his German childhood, though every poet's childhood is important in the development of his imagination; but the idea that he systematically camouflaged it is altogether insupportable. The emphasis on the theme of loss is also legitimate, though scarcely new in the interpretation of Amichai. But Gold's study also illustrates what a bad idea it is to reduce a great writer to one or two explanatory formulas. Amichai devoted some dark reflection to the violently destroyed world in which he spent his first years (how could he not?), and the pain of love lost is the subject of a good many of his poems—but as a poet who firmly resisted being grandiose and "national," he was also witty, mischievous, sexy, brilliantly resourceful, celebratory, and acutely responsive to the time and the place in which he lived his adult life. For all these reasons, he probably provides more sheer pleasure than any of the other leading poets of the twentieth century. One must be grateful that the reach of his writing was never limited to the place and the people that he lost. ◆

Leon Aron
THE PROP OF THE KNOUT

RUSSIAN ORTHODOXY RESURGENT: FAITH AND POWER IN THE NEW RUSSIA
By John Garrard and Carol Garrard
(Princeton University Press,
326 pp., $29.95)

Goditsya—molitsya, a ne goditsya—gorshki pokryvat. "If it fits, then we'll pray to it. If it doesn't, then we'll cover pots with it." Vissarion Belinsky, the father of "social" literary criticism in Russia, cited this Russian saying about icons in 1847 in his lengthy retort to Gogol's *Select Passages in the Correspondence with Friends*, in which, among his other sins against the progressive credo of the day, the author of *The Inspector General* and *Dead Souls* admired the allegedly innate religiosity of the Russian people. Belinsky's contention seemed to be borne out after 1917 by the savage Bolshevik assault on Orthodoxy, in which thousands of churches were robbed, desecrated, and destroyed, and tens of thousands of priests and monks were tortured and murdered. (One popular mode of winter executions was to push the victims under ice in rivers and lakes; another was to tie them to a stake and pour water over them until they were inside a pillar of ice.) In full view of millions of reputedly fervent Orthodox believers, Lenin did to the Orthodox Church what Stalin, who owed much of his success to an uncanny sense of how far to go at a particular time and in a particular place, did not dare do to the Catholic Church and its priests in occupied Poland after World War II, correctly fearing a popular uprising.

This history may be useful in thinking about Russia's Orthodox renaissance, which this meandering, mistitled and—despite its earnestness, its erudition, and its deep affinity for the Russian people and their faith—disappointing book seeks to describe and to explain. Orthodoxy is now all the rage among the Russian elite. The formerly godless KGB and Komsomol graduates who rule the country and own much of it are suddenly gripped by religious fervor. Vladimir Putin kept a small private chapel next to his Kremlin office (I know this from someone whom he invited there), and undoubtedly he now has another one in the government's "White House" building on Novy Arbat. In a series of widely publicized photos from Putin's summer vacation in 2007, an Orthodox cross was featured prominently between the president's bare and mighty pectorals, a rifle with a telescopic sight firmly in his strong hands and a hunting knife dangling from his belt. Following the "National Leader," government officials and industrial "oligarchs" have been endowing religious orders, restoring churches, paying to make and install bells (which were removed and mostly smashed in the Soviet era, when ringing them was a crime), and occasionally repatriating some of the Church's treasures, such as the eighteen brass bells returned to the St. Daniel's Monastery in Moscow this past September from Harvard, where they had been part of the graduation carillon since the early 1930s.

Last May, the president-dauphin Medvedev—to the prime minister-regent Putin, that is—effectively made the Orthodox prayer part of the presidential inauguration, after he repaired to the oldest of the Kremlin churches and the most hallowed of Russian places of Orthodox worship, the Uspensky (Annunciation) Cathedral, immediately after the swearing-in. There he received blessings from Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia Alexy II. Medvedev was presented with an icon of Russia's main protectress, the Vladimir Mother of God, and crossed himself in accepting the gift. A public prayer by the president was, of course, in direct violation of the Russian constitution, which prohibits the establishment of a state religion, as it does a "state ideology," but who cares today about Russia's gloriously liberal constitution of 1993—a relic of the democratic revolution that is now officially designated as a time of "humiliation" and "chaos"?

The Kremlin that not long ago savagely oppressed now just as extravagantly extols. The Russian state taketh away and, now, giveth back. What else is new? The really important questions are whether the Church is finally moving away from its subservience to the state and, more important still, whether it is undergoing a vitally important transformation (or even "reformation," which it has never had and which some radical priests are calling for), which would enable it to begin to fill the awful spiritual vacuum left in the rubble of communism, and in the process to become a major force for a post-communist moral regeneration, without which no lasting social, political, and even economic progress is likely to occur in Russia. Or will the Orthodox church in Russia

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continue as a quasi-state religion, perhaps no longer as servile but still inseparable from and subjugated to the state?

On these and other essential matters, the discussion of which is promised by this book's title and, especially, by its subtitle, John Garrard and Carol Garrard touch briefly, if at all, before digressing—again and again—into the minutiae of Orthodoxy's (and Russia's) history and ritual, which is fascinating at first, then distracting, but soon, although admirably free of error, numbingly tedious. Among the longest detours are the Russo-Japanese war of 1904–1905; the 1905 anti-Semitic forgery of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" concocted by the Russian pseudo-priest Sergei Nilus and the political police, the Okhrana, and blessed by Nicholas II; the Orthodox hermit St. Seraphim of Sarov, 1755–1833 (his texts, the story of his canonization, and Nicholas II's and Empress Alexandra's obsession with his teaching); the August 1991 failed putsch; the career of the reportedly militant atheist Yuri Andropov; the complicity of the Orthodox Church of Serbia in the murders of Bosnian Muslims; and how Louis VII of France was like Nicholas II.

Truth in advertising dictates that the volume be re-named, in the manner of old books, something like *A Brief History of the Russian Orthodox Church from Its Alleged Founding by St. Peter's Elder Brother, St. Andrew the First-Called, to the End of the Soviet Union, with the Accounts of Its Ritual and Liturgy, Its Struggle with the "Latinized Christianity" of Catholicism, Its Survival Under the Golden Horde, the Moscow Tsars, and Soviet Communism, and a Few Intimations of the Direction It Might Take in Post-Soviet Russia Presented as a Series of Vignettes and as Quotes from the Speeches of Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia Alexy II*. Along the way, purplish patches, usually in the descriptions of liturgy and service, are surrounded by a grayish, cliché-ridden prose. Things "slip under the radar," bureaucrats "kiss up and kick down," "problems" are "located in the bosom of the church" and "explode," "full weight" is "thrown against" beliefs, and "legal muscles" are "exercised."

Still, with its genuine enthusiasm for the subject and the sheer volume of information that it provides, the Garrards' book cannot help but furnish several important observations even as it fails to explore them. Among the most forceful of these is how long, painful, and uncertain will be the church's road to becoming a significant force for moral renewal after the devastation visited by totalitarian atheism. While 82 percent of Russians may consider themselves Orthodox Christians—the Russian word for peasant, *krestyanin*, is derived from *khristianin*, or Christian—only 10 percent go to church at least once a month, and only 15 percent celebrate main holidays, and barely over half (54 percent) "trust" the church. The damaging and unusable past extends far beyond 1917 to the time when Peter I deprived the church of the last vestiges of independence in 1721, abolished the secrecy of confession, established the Synod as the state department led by the senior procurator, and made priests salaried civil servants. Some notable cases of heroic dissent aside, it is hard not to agree with Belinsky that, as a whole, the "Orthodox Church has always served as the prop of the knout and the servant of despotism."

The complete infiltration of the church by the KGB was never a secret—the so-called Council for Religious Affairs, which cleared all clerical appointments, was the Fourth Department of the KGB's Fifth Directorate—but the Garrards' disclosure that in 1988 Alexy II received a KGB certificate of appreciation (*gramota*) to mark the thirtieth anniversary of his service in the agency—this does come as a bit of a shock. (Alexey Ridiger, who grew up in Tallin, was recruited by the Estonian branch of the KGB in 1958, within a month of his twenty-ninth birthday. A spectacularly swift rise in the Orthodox hierarchy followed.) Seeing on the front cover the photograph, taken in 2006, of Alexy about to plant on Putin's lips the kind of hearty male-on-male *baiser* perfected by Khrushchev and Brezhnev, one is tempted to conclude that sealed with that kiss was not just the camaraderie of these two KGB veterans but also the church's reversion to its customary role as an obedient servant of Russian authoritarianism.

Such a conclusion, the Garrards seem to argue, would be premature. They may be right. At the very least, a case might be made for the possibility of an alternate direction. Alexy has appealed for the "cleansing and restoration" of the church, and the church has softly but persistently called for a full confrontation with the horrors of the Soviet past. At least 1,500 of the bishops, priests, monks, and lay believers who were tortured and killed for their faith under the Soviet regime have been canonized as "new martyrs" (*novomucheniki*), and Alexy himself celebrated a Divine Liturgy in their memory in one of Russia's many dozens of killing fields, the former artillery range in Butovo, near Moscow, where tens of thousands were executed between 1937 and 1953. And there are other hopeful signs, such as the plea by a group of experts around Metropolitan Kirill of Smolensk and Kaliningrad for the faithful to engage "in morally oriented social action" and to defend "human rights and freedoms"; and the statement of the Moscow Patriarchate that the "condemnation of communism," begun in the 1990s, had been "left unfinished," and that honoring the memory of the victims required removing monuments to "murderous leaders" from center squares of Russia's towns and "the Kremlin wall."

Alas, this book seems incapable of sustaining a line of reasoning for more than half a page, and keeps lapsing into a hodgepodge of anecdotes and historical set pieces. Among the many lines of thought started, abruptly abandoned, and then brought up again in its pages, the case for Alexy II as the church's (and Russia's) great hope for repentance, redemption, and moral rebirth is among the least convincing. The old trimmer—who died a few weeks ago, less than three months before his eightieth birthday and who is reported by the Garrards to have been particularly effective in the Soviet "peace campaign" in the early 1980s, instilling the gullible and ignorant priests from the World Council of Churches with a firm belief in the freedom of religion in the Soviet Union—is endowed by the authors with an almost supernatural tactical and strategic genius. His feats of politicking are compared to those of Hannibal at Cannae. His "strokes" are invariably "brilliant"; he "pulls off bloodless coups"; he is "adroit" and a "masterful manipulator." His cautious statement against "violence" during the August 1991 contest of wills between Yeltsin and the neo-communist reactionaries is said to have been central to the revolution's victory. The patriarch's pinning of the Order of St. Prince Daniel of Moscow, which he invented, on the top government officials and the military brass is portrayed as an irresistibly clever exercise of "soft power." (Putin reciprocated by awarding the patriarch the Order for Services to the Fatherland, First degree.)

In their epilogue, or at least in its first four pages, the Garrards appear to summarize their view of the church's evolution and aspirations before dissolving into the history of the Russian flag and the saga of John the Baptist's right hand, recently returned to Russia for worship among other newly recovered relics. Here we learn that Alexy "consistently" stated that he did not want Orthodoxy to become

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the state religion, because "sooner or later the church would become a department of the State." Yes, and . . . ? Is there anything in the church's annals consonant with this bold declaration? We need more evidence! But here, too, we get more lists, quotes, anecdotes, none with anywhere near the power needed to corroborate, or at least put into a plausible context, so startling a statement. Thus the book's claims that the church "has come to reshape post-Soviet Russia," and that it has switched from the "defensive stance to the more complex structure of an offensive power" ("based," to be sure, on "soft" rather than "hard" power); and that, most crucially, the church, which the authors correctly describe as only recently "despised and supine," itself has been "transformed" by Alexy and is well on the way to a future where "to be Russian and to be Orthodox is one and the same"—all this optimism seems wildly premature, and almost fantastic.

Far more real than Alexy's lone protestation is the danger of the Orthodox Church reverting to its historic form of a state faith, praying for Putin's "sovereign democracy" as it has prayed for the Golden Horde, and for Stalin, and for the post-1953 Soviet state. The effective monopoly over the armed forces, where there will soon be more Muslims than Orthodox, and the classes in Orthodox Christianity that are now being made mandatory in many regions of the country, are not good omens. (In August 2007, Russia's Council of Muftis issued a statement opposing the possible introduction of such a course in all Russian schools.)

Most disappointingly, there is no sign that the church under Alexy has begun in any significant way to infuse Russia with the spirit of what must be one of the Orthodox canon's most striking and hopeful sayings, attributed to the canonized thirteenth-century prince Alexander Nevsky, the vanquisher of the Teutonic Knights and the subject of a great 1938 propaganda film by Eisenstein with a stirring score by Prokofiev: *Ne v sile Bog, a v pravde*—"Not in might is God, but in truth." Instead, what Alexy said after receiving the Order of the Fatherland from Putin seems far truer of the church's intentions under his stewardship: "We educate our believers in the spirit of respect to the authorities, love of the Motherland, and aspiration to peace and accord." Or: not in truth, but in might. ◆

Richard A. Posner
MODESTY AND POWER

LAW AND JUDICIAL DUTY
By Philip Hamburger
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THE MOST momentous, controversial, even frightening power of the federal judiciary—the one in greatest tension with democracy and federalism—is the power to invalidate federal and state statutes that in the opinion of the judges are inconsistent with the federal Constitution. This power, which lawyers call "judicial review," has often been regarded as the invention of a handful of free-wheeling late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century American lawyers, notably Chief Justice John Marshall, whose opinion in *Marbury* v. *Madison* in 1803 is often thought to have created *ex nihilo* the "American doctrine of judicial review." The distinguished constitutional scholar Alexander Bickel called the power of judicial review "Marshall's achievement."

For the Constitution does not say that federal courts can invalidate a statute. Article VI, the "supremacy clause," describes the Constitution, along with federal statutes and treaties made under federal authority, as "the supreme Law of the Land," and states that "the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby." But it says nothing about *federal* judges being empowered to invalidate statutes, whether federal or state. ("Judges in every State" could not include Supreme Court justices, since the Constitution authorized and envisaged the creation of a district—it became the District of Columbia—that would not be part of any state.) In describing federal statutes and treaties as part of the "law of the land," Article VI could be understood simply to be commanding state judges to acknowledge the supremacy of federal law. Article III confers the "judicial Power of the United States" on the Supreme Court and such lower courts as Congress decides to create, and the power expressly includes the power to decide cases arising under the Constitution, as well as under other federal laws and under treaties—but at most this only implies a power to adjudicate constitutional challenges to federal statutes. "Any explicit grant of this power," in Robert Jackson's words, "was omitted . . . [the power] was left to lurk in an inference."

John Marshall—commended by Holmes as the "loose constructionist" judge who "start[ed] the working of the Constitution"—argued disarmingly in Marbury that since the Constitution is law, and indeed supreme law, an inconsistent statute, being inferior law, must give way. In his words: "If the courts are to regard the constitution, and the constitution is superior to any ordinary act of the legislature, the constitution, and not such ordinary act, must govern the case to which they both apply." He chose to take this approach, in the account that I am summarizing, not under the compulsion of the constitutional text, but because he was a Federalist, and so he wanted the Supreme Court to be able to check the populist impulses of elected legislatures. Marshall thus initiated the "struggle for judicial supremacy" (as Justice Jackson later described it, in a book of that title from which I quoted earlier) that eventually resulted in a secure—an unquestioned—power of judicial review, however tenuous its constitutional pedigree.

THE MAIN PURPOSE of Philip Hamburger's book is to counter this account of the rise of judicial review by tracing the history of the practice all the way back to the Middle Ages and ending with the Constitution of 1787. Hamburger is an accomplished and assiduous legal historian, and his book is a work of imposing scholarship. But he is not just an antiquarian. The idea that he has set out to overthrow—that judicial review was invented in order to enhance the power of the Supreme Court—has implications that disturb him. "If judges established their power of review on their own authority," Hamburger remarks, "they would appear to have control over the character and exercise of the power, and this would seem to leave them with an extraordinary discretion over the liberty of their fellow Americans." Hamburger believes deeply in judicial modesty. He argues that what has come to be called judicial review was intended to exemplify rather than to reject judicial modesty, which is why the framers of the Constitution took the power for granted, and so felt no need to talk it up in the constitutional text.

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Hamburger's argument pivots on a few key terms. One is the "law of the land." This phrase in Article VI is of medieval English origin. Originally it referred to the actual, existing law of England, as distinct from either natural law—the law of God, knowable by the exercise of human reason—or "academic" law, constructed by scholars out of the best laws of different countries and the best ideas about what law should be. The early English judges thought it presumptuous for judges either to interpret natural law or to create law. The modest judge interpreted and enforced existing English law, period. The judges were not disrespectful of natural law—they agreed that they were answerable to God, and they took their oath of office with utmost seriousness; but they conceived their divinely imposed duty to be to enforce human law. This conception of the judicial function was transmitted to England's North American colonies, thence to their successors the states, and finally, when the Constitution was written, to the federal government, though of course the relevant "law of the land" in Article VI was American rather than English law.

The next key term is the "office of the judge." Judges derived their concept of judicial duty from the judge's "office," or, as we would be inclined to say, the judge's role, jurisdiction, or "job description." The judge's duty that derived from his "office" was to apply the law of the land to the decision of cases. Deciding cases became distinguished from other tasks that a judge might undertake, such as rendering advice to a legislature, but that would be outside the judge's office. When the judge was deciding actual cases presented to him, he was speaking with the authority of his office, and in that capacity he could nullify even a king's command. Moreover, the duty fell on every judge, however lowly, for the duty "came with" the judicial office. In short, as Hamburger writes, "the evidence reveals the importance of the common law ideals of law and judicial duty. It shows that these two ideals, taken together, required judges to hold unconstitutional acts unlawful."

We also need to understand Parliament as a "court," and the concept of a "customary constitution" as distinct from a written one. Although an English judge could countermand a royal command and invalidate local legislation in the performance of his duty to decide cases on the basis of the law of the land, he could not (despite occasional suggestions otherwise) invalidate acts of Parliament. Parliament, which dated from a time before courts and legislatures were clearly separated, was deemed a court—indeed, the highest court in the land. (Indeed, until recently, a committee of judges in the House of Lords was England's highest court.) Moreover, England's constitution, conceptualized as "the law by which a people simultaneously authorized their government and limited it," was not a single document, like the U.S. Constitution, but a conglomeration of customs, common law and equitable doctrines, and acts of Parliament. When Parliament enacted a statute, this was tantamount to amending the constitution; and a judge could no more countermand an act of Parliament than he could amend the constitution.

It was the fact that English courts could not invalidate acts of Parliament that has given rise to the idea that the "American doctrine of judicial review" represented a break with England. Not so, Hamburger argues. The legislatures of Britain's North American colonies were not supreme courts, like Parliament; they were subordinate bodies—subordinate, in fact, to Parliament. Their enactments thus corresponded to local legislation in England, and so could likewise be challenged as inconsistent with the British constitution—and they were. The Crown actually encouraged the creation of powerful judicial courts in the colonies as a check against the colonial legislators, who were more populist and less loyal to the Crown than the judges.

When the United States was formed, the colonial legislatures became state legislatures and the colonial courts became state courts. The British constitution was not an appropriate model for a state constitution, so most states wrote their own constitutions. Since the judges were already accustomed to using constitutional law as a trump when statutory law was inconsistent with it, they made a smooth transition to treating the written constitution of their state as the supreme law, trumping inconsistent statutes. This made it natural for John Marshall to treat the Constitution as trumping any federal or state statute that was inconsistent with it. So natural was this assumption of authority, on the basis of British, colonial, and state precedents, that there was no felt need to spell it out in the Constitution.

It does seem odd, though that so little of this history is mentioned in Marshall's very long opinion in *Marbury*. He takes great pains to justify judicial review, and so one might have expected him to refer to the helpful colonial and state history. But the exercise of judicial review of national statutes by a national court was such a large step beyond its exercise by a colonial or state court that maybe the colonial and state experience would not have been terribly persuasive. So maybe the Supreme Court's exercise of judicial review was a Marshallian innovation after all. Hamburger disagrees. He argues that, properly understood, judicial review of statutes, whether federal or state, for conformity to the Constitution is not innovative, awesome, usurpative, or political at all. In fact, it exemplifies judicial modesty, because it requires that judges conform their decisions to the "law of the land," which simply happens to include the Constitution as well as the subordinate law created by statutes. Marshall argued in *Marbury* that it would be lawless for judges to disregard the limits that the Constitution placed on legislative and executive power.

Judges had always known, as Hamburger acknowledges, that the scope of a statute, a constitutional provision, or a common law doctrine was often uncertain, and this fact might seem to invite or even to necessitate the exercise of judicial discretion in some cases. But he disagrees, arguing that the judges believed that the mental faculty requisite in a judge was not creativity but discernment. The object to be discerned was the "intent" of the law. "One way or another, intent had to be discerned, for it was the source and measure of the obligation of law." If it could not be discerned, the law imposed no obligation at all. So legislatures and constitutional conventions had better write clearly, because otherwise the judges might treat their enactments as nullities.

Hamburger does not explain what this interpretive methodology, applied to constitutional issues that have arisen since the Constitution was adopted, would yield in the way of a body of constitutional law. Yet he intimates that it would be a smaller body than what we have. Judicial review, as he understands it, was not a judicial innovation the contours of which the inventing judges and their successors had to draw. The power

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had existed since medieval times. But it was a power grounded in a deferential conception of judicial duty. Judges could not make law; they could only find (that is, discern) it. Precedents did not create law, they clarified or particularized it; and only because "the exposition of law belonged to the office of judgment rather than of will [did] the opinions of the judges in the exercise of their judgment ha[ve] the authority of their office." Fortunately, a constitution of principles would be clearer than one of rules or precedents, because principles "are fixed and immutable." A judge would therefore be able to decide a constitutional case by laying the constitutional text alongside a statutory text alleged to be inconsistent with the former; if comparison revealed that the two texts were inconsistent, the statute, being less authoritative, would be extinguished.

Hamburger argues that this ideal of judicial self-restraint was attainable because the duty to enforce the law of the land, including the constitution, being inherent in the office of the judge, rested on every judge and applied in every case. "The generality of the duty was what gave strength and balance to their constitutional decisions, for it authorized and bound the judges with the same ideals that elevated and confined them in their more mundane decisions. Their duty thus anchored an otherwise extraordinary power within the quotidian exercise of their office, and the result was a judicial power both more authoritative and less dangerous than that which prevails today."

So there were two paths, according to Hamburger, open to John Marshall and his successors. One, the path of deference, was to follow the lead of English judges, colonial judges, and state judges before 1787 (and also future Supreme Court Justice James Iredell, who as a practicing lawyer had sketched the deferential path in an essay published the year before the Constitutional Convention), and simply apply, as they would in any case, the "law of the land," which merely happened now to include a national constitution. The other path was to acknowledge the vagueness of many constitutional provisions, the difficulty of amending the Constitution, and the high stakes of invalidating statutes, especially federal ones—but, in response to these daunting circumstances, not to throw up one's hands and declare the vague provisions unenforceable (as once suggested by Learned Hand) but instead to embrace a creative, essentially a legislative, role for the Supreme Court in constitutional cases. In that role the Court would make constitutional law, not find it. Guided by the spirit rather than the letter of the Constitution or even the intent of its makers, the Court would be engaged in continually adapting an old text to modern needs. That was the path in fact taken (though Hamburger, whose history ends in the eighteenth century, is vague on precisely when it was taken), and, as a result, "not unlike kings and Parliament when they claimed to be the final arbiter, American judges have acquired a taste for power above the law."

There are problems with the "two paths" thesis. One is that the fact—if it is a fact—that judges could have taken the first path rather than the second does not prove that the first path is better—or even that it would define a smaller role for the Supreme Court. There is a deep ambiguity in the concept of *judicial* modesty. Hamburger advocates strict adherence to formal legal doctrines. That is a form of *intellectual* modesty: no policymaking, no talk of a "living constitution," let the chips fall where they may, *fiat iustitia, ruat caelum*. An alternative conception of judicial modesty, first clearly articulated by James Bradley Thayer in the late nineteenth century and embraced by Oliver Wendell Holmes, focuses on the consequences for democracy, liberty, progress, and welfare of too free-wheeling a conception of judicial power to invalidate legislation. It is epitomized in Justice Jackson's warning against turning the Bill of Rights into a suicide pact. It was one thing for English judges to invalidate borough acts, and colonial American judges to invalidate colonial statutes, and state judges to invalidate state statutes, But it was (and is) quite another thing for courts to invalidate national statutes. That was a power for which there was no precedent when the Constitution was enacted, because English courts could not invalidate acts of Parliament. Marshall and his colleagues might have decided that Congress like Parliament was a kind of "court" whose "decisions" (namely the laws that Congress enacted) could not be overturned by judges.

One wishes that Hamburger had carried his study beyond the Constitutional Convention. Marshall rejected the extreme of consequentialist judicial modesty, as I have just noted; and his explanation of judicial review in *Marbury* was Hamburgerian minus the history. Yet in fact the Marshall Court invalidated only one federal statute—the one challenged in *Marbury* itself, a statute that actually expanded the Supreme Court's jurisdiction—while at the same time greatly expanding federal versus state power. Marshall was not modest in Hamburger's sense (remember Holmes's description of Marshall as a loose constructionist who started the Constitution working), but he was modest in the consequentialist sense, if one thinks that striking down federal statutes, other than those that constrain judicial power (such as the one struck down in *Marbury*), is the most aggressive exercise of that power.

And how realistic is Hamburger's picture of the deferential judge? He acknowledges that his history is one of judicial "ideals" rather than of judicial actualities, but the neglect of actualities weakens his case. He gives too little weight to the fact that judges (most of them, anyway) talk a deferential game even when they are playing a discretionary one. They do this today, and it is understandable why they did it even more emphatically in the period covered by Hamburger's book. For the less secure a judge's authority—and judicial authority was far less secure then than it is in the United States today—the greater his need to represent himself as merely an oracle of the law. He does not decide cases; it is the law, speaking through him, that decides them. Rather than being a "decider," he is merely a "discerner." To criticize a judicial decision is to criticize the law itself.

The idea that law, whether in the thirteenth century or the twenty-first century, is a body of principles and rules that cover the entire landscape of potential legal disputes, so that the judge has only to find the principle or rule that governs the disputes that he is called upon to adjudicate, is (and probably always has been) either a ridiculous pretense or a rhetorical flourish. It is the latter if one thinks it meaningful to describe law in terms such as "justice" or "reasonableness," so that in every case, however uncertain it may seem, the judge has merely to discover the meaning of "justice" or "reasonableness" as it bears on the case. But in a case in which the judge's only guide is "justice" or "reasonableness," inevitably he will be exercising discretion—think, for example, of the variety of judicial interpretations of the term "unreasonable searches and seizures" in the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution.

All this is not to say that judges pay no attention to the language of constitutional provisions, the intent behind them as inferred from the constitutional text and other evidence, the precedents interpreting them, and other orthodox materials of legal interpretation. It is also not to say that judges are undisciplined, or that they fail to take their oath of office seri-

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ously—though Hamburger thinks they no longer do: "Eventually there would be little remaining memory of the divine office of judgment ['judges are obliged to judge righteously, upon pain of damnation'] and the obligation to adhere to it, thus leaving these ideals to survive only in a threadbare deference to the outward robes of office." But often the orthodox materials in a case do not point strongly to one outcome rather than another, and then other factors enter into the decision of the case, such as the judge's worldview, his sense of the consequences of alternative outcomes, his moral and political values, his temperament, and his sensitivity to public opinion. Hamburger does not show that these factors played a smaller role in the decisions in the period covered by his book than they do today, though an even greater effort at concealment was made because (I am speculating) the judges had a less secure position in the system of governance. They had to hide behind "the law": "the law made me do it."

Law and Judicial Duty may seem at least to have answered the question why the Constitution did not create a power of judicial review explicitly. I am not entirely convinced. Remember that Article VI commands the state judges to bow to the "supreme law of the land." Yet according to Hamburger, as we know, the duty to apply the "law of the land" rests on every judge, and therefore on state judges. Since this is a defining aspect of the office of the judge, why did it have to be made explicit, but not the duty of determining the constitutionality of statutes? Hamburger goes so far as to argue, rather wildly as it seems to me, that because "a common law judge had to decide in accord with the law of the land, he did so with a divine obligation and in imitation of divine judgment, and he thus had to reach far above earthly things in his pursuit of terrestrial law," and therefore "were a human law to restate the duty or to give it human obligation, this law [the Constitution] … might subvert the understanding that judges were responsible to a higher authority." If this is right, it was an insult to state judges to tell them in Article VI that they had to conform to federal law; they knew it already.

In any event, the power of judicial review that Hamburger considers implicit in the Constitution is not the power that the federal courts have actually been exercising. Ever since the *Dred Scott* decision in 1857, the Supreme Court has been busy administering the "American doctrine of judicial review" that Hamburger considers not to have been authorized by the Constitution, but to have been the creation of aggressive justices. Thus, rather than demonstrating the legitimacy of American constitutional law, Hamburger has cast doubt on its legitimacy, by showing that the judicial power authorized implicitly by the Constitution was a more limited power. And yet—to return to the distinction between the two concepts of judicial modesty—the modesty that he commends could wreak as much havoc, or more, as could loose constructionists concerned with the consequences of judicial review. After all, it was the self-proclaimed "modest" judges, in approximately Hamburger's sense—the apostles of "textualism" and "original meaning"—who recently gave us the decision in the *Heller* case invalidating the D.C. gun-control ordinance on the basis of the Second Amendment to the Constitution. A recent article by J. Harvie Wilkinson, a distinguished conservative federal judge, describes *Heller*, which has cast a dark pall over gun control throughout the entire United States, as the second coming of *Roe v. Wade*. Whatever *Heller* stands for, it is not modesty.

These reservations concerning Hamburgerian judicial modesty to one side, the history that Hamburger has excavated is genuinely fascinating, and it may alter the terms of debate among constitutional theorists, preoccupied as many of them are with origins. Very long and sometimes a little dry, the book is nevertheless a pleasure to read, and that is in part because of the enormous labor that its author poured into it. Clearly it was a labor of love. I mean that almost literally. For it is apparent that Hamburger has fallen in love with the judicial culture that he found in the Anglo-American past, and that he hates the modern judicial culture that is discontinuous with it. He has internalized the stated values of the judges of a bygone era, and if this seems a little strange, its strangeness is redeemed by the fact that with empathy comes insight. Philip Hamburger has not only greatly enriched legal history, but he has enabled us to see, if not what the judges of old actually thought, let alone what unconscious thoughts and emotions motivated them, then at least how they wished to be seen; and that is an important part of a proper understanding of judicial behavior, ancient and modern. ◆

István Deák
WHEN BARBARISM WON

HITLER'S EMPIRE: HOW THE NAZIS RULED EUROPE
By Mark Mazower
(Penguin Press, 726 pp., $39.95)

Between 1935, when Germany re-acquired the Saarland at the French border, and 1942, when German soldiers hoisted their flag on Mount Elbruz, Europe's highest peak in the Caucasus, the Third Reich expanded steadily until no country on the continent escaped its direct or indirect influence. It took a worldwide coalition of nations another three years to crush the Nazis—and yet as late as April 25, 1945, when American and Soviet troops joined hands in the heart of Germany, Hitler's soldiers were still occupying parts of Austria, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Italy, France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Finland and, last but not least, Great Britain, whose Channel Islands had been under German rule during most of the war. German colonialism (inspired by British, French, and American models), imperial policy, native collaboration, and resistance are what Mark Mazower brilliantly describes in this majestic historical synthesis.

Mazower is the author of two major monographs on Greece, each with particular emphasis on World War II. *Inside Hitler's Greece: The Experience of Occupation, 1941–44*, which appeared in 1993, showed impeccable scholarship but also seethed with moral indignation over the callousness of the Germans, who had allowed approximately 250,000 Greeks to starve to death. Mazower also condemned the Greek collaborators, who not only killed their communist compatriots during the war but continued to do so after the liberation, this time under the protection of British troops and the Greek royalist government. Nor did Mazower spare the anti-Nazi noncommunist resisters, many of whom had engaged in ethnic cleansing during the war. As for the communist and other leftist resisters, Mazower unhesitatingly

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listed their acts of extreme brutality in the war of liberation against the Italian and German occupiers, and in the simultaneous civil war. *Inside Hitler's Greece* foreshadowed Mazower's later and geographically broader studies, in which he argued that the Nazi war allowed for the settling of accounts among social, religious, and ethnic groups all over eastern and southeastern Europe.

Salonica, City of Ghosts: Christians, Muslims and Jews, 1430–1950, which was published five years ago, is a less tragic narrative: one detects also a note of nostalgia in Mazower's evocation of the great traditions of the city, also called Thessaloniki, which once harbored three thriving civilizations—Greek, Muslim, and Jewish. The rise of nineteenth-century Greek nationalism put an end not only to Ottoman rule, but also to a cultural symbiosis that, while not perfect, nevertheless produced an enviable urban culture. During World War II, the persecution and the starvation of the non-Jewish population were acts trumped by the Germans' maniacal effort, near the end of the war, to deport every single Greek Jew to the extermination camps. As a result, one-fifth of the city's inhabitants were gone forever. Ironically, and this was the case also in the rest of Europe, many non-Jews at first profited from the disappearance of the Jews, but the economy took a long time to recover from the destruction of so many members of the intelligentsia and the commercial elite. Nor had the nationalist goal of ethnic purity been achieved, owing to the massive presence of Slavic-speakers in the area.

Mazower is also the author of *The Dark Continent: Europe's Twentieth Century*, which is one of the few high-quality overviews of twentieth-century European history. It moves the reader from the collapse of the European empires following World War I, through the rise and failure of interwar parliamentary democracies and the most barbaric period in world history—the 1930s and early 1940s—to a much calmer second half of the century. Compared with the years until 1945, when some fifty million people perished, the second half of the century was idyllic, unless of course one believes that the hot wars of the Cold War were fought not in Europe but elsewhere, by proxy.

The Dark Continent is particularly effective in pointing to the vast contrast between the two halves of the same century. If the years 1914–1945 were marked by wars, revolutions, inflation, depression, half-closed borders, fanatical political groupings, armed militias, and genocide, the main event of the second half of the century was Europe's march from ruin through the Coal and Steel Community to the European Union and general prosperity. There was also the slower but ultimately successful move to integrate the communist bloc countries into free Europe. Mazower embraces the idea of continued cultural diversity, but he supports political unification. And indeed it must be said that today's marvelously open frontiers can be really appreciated only by those who have known the ghastly opposite.

As the title of Mazower's new book indicates, *Hitler's Empire* concentrates on World War II, and within it on Europe's fatal division into a western/southwestern segment and an eastern/southeastern segment. Mazower paints a shattering portrait of Eastern Europe at war, owing to his extraordinary familiarity with the area's political, cultural, and ethnic histories. (I was on the lookout for factual errors in his several overviews of the wartime history of the Eastern European countries, and I found none.) It is enough to listen to the tales of German war veterans to realize that the East was where the "real war" took place: a war of gigantic armies, titanic tank battles, endless marches, mud, frost, snow, burning villages, the shooting of civilians, and the bodies of real and alleged partisans swinging from trees. And even though German losses were horrendous in Normandy and elsewhere in the West during the last year of the war, it was not commensurate with the conflict in the East, because the war in the West was fought more or less according to international conventions. In the West, captured soldiers could expect—even demand—humane treatment; but in the East there were no such expectations and no such demands could be made.

More than three million Soviet soldiers died in German captivity in the early years of Operation Barbarossa—and yet, strangely and as proof of the inconsistency of Nazi politics, nearly a million Soviet prisoners were allowed to escape death by joining the German army as soldiers, auxiliaries, and concentration camp guards. Only with regard to the British and American aerial attacks and the "Final Solution of the Jewish Question" did conditions in the West resemble those prevailing in the eastern half of Europe: bombs dropped by Flying Fortresses utterly defied international conventions, and the Nazis exterminated all the Jews they could lay their hands on, whether they were highly assimilated Dutch businessmen or the starving inhabitants of a Lithuanian shtetl.

In 1941, Soviet soldiers learned that to die fighting was better than to starve to death in German captivity. In the last years of the war, German soldiers learned the same thing: many chose desperate resistance over surrender. It was during the Soviet siege of Budapest in the winter of 1944 that I met a young man named Helmut, a seventeen-year-old draftee in the Feldherrnhalle Division, who told me that his parents had perished in an air raid on Cologne, and that he would choose suicide over surrendering. I never learned his fate, but it is unlikely that he survived either the siege or Soviet captivity.

Hitler's Empire explains clearly what it meant for the world when, in June 1941, the greatest army in history—3.6 million Germans, Romanians, Finns, Hungarians, Croats, and Slovaks—stormed the Soviet Union. They were followed soon by Italians and Spaniards, as well as by volunteers from the rest of Europe. From that time on, astronomical casualties, devastation, cruelties, death camps, deportations, hunger, and disease were the rule. Eastern Europe became the scene of continued and accelerated ethnic cleansing that has changed the national and demographic composition of the entire region east of Germany and Austria. The Holocaust, to which Mazower dedicates a great deal of attention, was in many ways a unique event, but it also formed a part of the great ethnic cleansing that rid Eastern Europe of many ethnic, religious, and cultural minorities.

In the East, most nations fought at least two wars, and were often subjected to two or more occupations. Finland, Romania, Slovakia, and Bulgaria changed sides during the war, suffering heavy losses in the struggle both for and against Germany. Following World War I, Romania acquired a greatly enlarged Transylvania from Hungary, as well as several major Russian, Austrian, and Bulgarian provinces. In 1940, Hitler forced Romania to return the northern part of Transylvania to Hungary. From that time on, until 1944, Hungarians oppressed the Romanians and the Jews in the northern part of Transylvania, while Romanians oppressed the Hungarians and the Jews in the southern part of that province—all this despite Romania and Hungary being allies in the common struggle against Bolshevism. In August 1944, Romania turned against Germany, and soon Soviet and Romanian troops invaded northern Transylvania. There followed a series of Romanian atrocities against the Hungarian popu-

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lation, which caused the Soviets to take back the administration of the province. Finally, northern Transylvania again came under Romanian rule, but these rulers were now communists and even among them some of the most ruthless sort.

During the war, revolts and civil wars ravaged Greece, Yugoslavia, Albania, Slovakia, Poland, Ukraine, and the Baltic states. In the West, too, there was an incipient civil war in France, as well as a ferocious conflict, during the last few months of the war, between the fascists and the mostly communist partisans in northern Italy. In notorious incidents, SS men killed hundreds of innocent civilians at Oradour-sur-Glane in France, in the Ardeatine Cave near Rome, and at Marzabotto, near Bologna, in Italy. Yet most Western Europeans experienced violence only briefly, such as during the German attack in 1940 and the Allied counter-attack in 1944. The vast majority of Danes, for instance, experienced no violence whatsoever during the war; instead they lived comfortably from the profits of their lively commerce with Germany.

In eastern and southeastern Europe, by contrast, most everyone was involved in the terrible historical events, as victim, perpetrator, or both. In vast regions of Eastern Europe, not only did the nationality of the occupier change over the years—such as in eastern Poland, where Polish rule ceded to Russian occupation, then to German occupation, then to Russian occupation again—but it also sometimes changed from sunset to sunrise. In thousands of Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, and Balkan villages, German soldiers and their allies ruled during the day, while anti-Nazi partisans held sway during the night, all of them robbing and killing in the process.

Mazower directs his attention mainly to Germany's conquest of the East. The ultimate goal of German imperialism was the creation of living space—*Lebensraum*, as they infamously called it—which involved the extermination of at least a part of the inhabitants, and the importation of German settlers as overlords. Earlier European imperialisms of the Roman, Hapsburg, and Ottoman varieties had been supra-national, promoting local talent so long as it was subservient, and acknowledging local autonomies so long as they did not hurt the interests of the center. In the Ottoman Empire, members of subjugated ethnic and religious groups governed the country at the price of individual conversion to Islam. Even such nineteenth-century imperialisms as the British, the czarist Russian, and that of the Kaiser's Germany had little in common with Hitler's racist and xenophobically homicidal imperialism. But as Mazower also emphasizes, Hitler's ideas regarding imperial policy were not new: he had learned some of them from aggressively expansionist German imperialist groups that thrived before and during World War I.

One of the main Nazi goals was the unification of all Germans, which was to begin with the gathering-in of hundreds of thousands of Germans from the East. This was necessitated by the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939, which allowed the Soviets to gobble up eastern Poland, the three Baltic countries, and Bessarabia, as well as northern Bukovina in Romania. As Mazower skillfully explains, very few among these people were Baltic barons, traditionally the awe-inspiring representatives of German superiority in the region. Most were poor peasants, with bad teeth, little education, and little German, or a German that no one in the Reich understood. The Nazi authorities settled them in what used to be western Poland and in the territories from which the Polish farmers had been deported. All this took place in an atmosphere of chaos and confusion, of contradictory orders and intrigues within the party and the state bureaucracy, though there were certainly many young party members sincerely trying to help their compatriots.

It is important to note that the Germans were not the only ones to engage in the "un-mixing of peoples." The same procedure was practiced on a gigantic scale by the Soviets, within their country and in their newly acquired territories. In Poland, the common aim of the Germans and the Soviets was to decapitate Polish society through the elimination of its educated classes. Ethnic cleansing was also practiced by the Romanians, Bulgarians, Hungarians, Croats, and Finns—that is, by the sovereign allies of the Third Reich. Countries occupied by Germany, such as Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, would follow suit after the war.

Consider the case of three Hungarian-speaking villages in northern Bukovina. The latter was once a Turkish, then an Austrian, later a Romanian, and finally a Soviet Ukrainian province, from which not only the German settlers but the Hungarians, too, were withdrawn following the annexation of the region by the Soviets in 1940. The few thousand villagers, who spoke a lovely ancient Hungarian, were settled in northern Yugoslavia, which the Hungarians had re-annexed in 1941 on lands and houses from which Serbs and Jews had been evicted. Yet no sooner did the new arrivals learn how to cultivate their new lands than the war came to an end, and those Hungarian settlers whom Tito's partisans had not killed fled to western Hungary. There they were assigned houses and lands from which their German ethnic owners had been deported to western Germany. The Bukovina immigrants vegetated under communist rule until they dispersed in the world, with no traces left of their original speech, refined folk art, and ancient customs.

The second stage of the great German project, namely the settling of Germans in the East, was no less complicated and no less frustrating. Instead of sturdy farmer warriors who would rule over millions of helots in fortified manors connected by new *Autobahnen*, there arrived, following the German attack on Russia in 1941, thousands of German civilians who, as former evacuees from the East, had been pushed from one place to another. The colonization policy was organized and supervised by German bureaucrats whose bosses had wanted to get rid of them back home, as well as by carpetbaggers who were keen on enriching themselves. Settlement policies contradicted one another, and in any event within a few years the settlers had to flee westward from the triumphant Red Army. The colonization program was a failure, except for the German successes in killing or deporting millions.

I, Putative

for H. C.

Barer than January maples, bare abandoned hives:
the bees silenced in their harvest rustle.
Like as to like, the soul
quiets, if soul it is, this bee box
in the chest. What outward presence
calls to inward space, *drop your wings*?
And what unclaimed interior complies?
Oh the flatland reveals its field of golden
stubble, and oh the sheared stalks
do not cry out. No, the chaff flutters
in the midland wind and the wings of the dead bees
quiver in the box.

GERI DORAN

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With regard to the subjugated peoples, German policy was a bundle of contradictions, varying from Hitler's and Himmler's extermination plans and practices to the not unsuccessful efforts of some minor Wehrmacht officers and bureaucrats to win over the local population for the anti-Stalinist cause. Particularly eager to use the services of Russians and other eastern peoples were such eastern specialists as Georg von der Ropp, Wilfried Strik-Strykfeldt, and Count Claus von Stauffenberg, later a resistance hero. It is no exaggeration to say that had they succeeded in persuading the German high command to treat the Russian population better and to mobilize them against Stalin, Germany could have won the war. Luckily for the world, mindless German brutality prevailed.

Ethnic cleansing was not, of course, a German invention. Consider only the mutual expulsion of Greeks and Turks in the 1920s. Sanctioned by the League of Nations as an "exchange of populations," it amounted to mutual mass murder and the dumping into foreign lands of millions of poor people, including Eastern Orthodox who spoke no Greek or spoke an incomprehensible variety of that language, and Muslims who spoke no Turkish. Even with regard to religion there was a good deal of uncertainty, as some Turkish-speakers were Orthodox Christians by religion and some Greek- or Bulgarian-speakers adhered to Islam. None of these niceties influenced the inventors and the executors of ethnic cleansing.

Mazower believes, with most historians, that the Germans went east to enslave and eventually to kill the Slavic *Untermenschen*, an inferior race. Maybe this would have been the final outcome; but the fact is that in the interim the Slavic-speaking Slovaks, Bulgarians, and Croats functioned as Hitler's trusted military and political allies. Himmler himself could not make up his mind whether the Ukrainians, with so many blond people among them, were Aryans or Slavs. Also, despite Hitler's utter contempt for the Czechs, workers in the so-called Protectorate received the same food rations as the Reich German workers and, vague Nazi plans to the contrary, no non-Jewish Czechs were deported east from their country.

If contempt and hatred for the Slavs was the leitmotif of the Nazis, why then did they respect Bulgarian sovereignty to the point of allowing Bulgaria not to enter the war against the Soviet Union and to protect the lives of its Jews? Why did the SS take in thousands upon thousands of Slavic-speaking volunteers? Nor is there any proof that the Germans held the non-Slavic Italians, Hungarians, Romanians, Greeks, and Baltic peoples in greater respect than they held the Slavs. The Germans made concession after concession to the Italians and the Romanians so long as the two countries seemed to be reliable allies; they shot or enslaved the Italian and Romanian soldiers whom they captured following the surrender of these countries to the Allies. One must conclude that unmitigated German hatred existed only for the Poles, which was nothing new, especially in the history of Prussia; and for the Jews, of course.

One of the most fascinating questions about World War II is whether Germany's allies possessed enough independence for their actions to be more than an extension of German policies. The answer to this must be a categorical affirmation of their sovereignty in all fundamental questions, such as whether to conclude an alliance with Germany, if and when to enter the war on the side of Hitler, and how much assistance to offer to the Nazi war effort. Again and again, the decision was made not by Germany but by the governments allied to the Nazis. Consider that, in June 1941, Italy, Finland, Romania, Hungary, Slovakia and Croatia all decided on their own, with a minimum of German prodding or without any prodding at all, that they would join in Operation Barbarossa against the Soviet Union. Their major motivation for taking this step was local: they were driven by fear that their neighbor and rival would enter the war before them, and thus would be first to reap the fruits of German victory. Romania, Hungary, Slovakia, and Croatia eyed each other with the greatest suspicion when joining in the fray. So German power was limited even at a time of their greatest military successes.

Despite the grand confusion and incessant intrigues prevailing in Nazi elite circles, despite their insane policy of killing their potential labor force such as the Soviet prisoners of war and the Jews of Europe, one must agree with Mazower that in the early years of the war the Nazi conquest was a great propaganda success. Had it been up to the Europeans alone, Hitler would have become the acknowledged and much admired leader of a continent in which—between 1939 and 1941—only the Poles showed the will to resist. Fortunately, there were also the British, who, to Hitler's great exasperation, decided to continue the war and thus ultimately won it.

Mazower devotes a good deal of attention to the German treatment of POWs, slave laborers, and deportees. Change in this destructive and self-destructive policy came much too late, in 1944, when Albert Speer and others finally realized that they needed the prisoners' labor for the Reich's survival. Yet there is a problem even with this well-known interpretation of German wartime policy—after all, nearly half a million Hungarian Jews and hundreds of thousands of others, many of them excellent labor material, were destroyed at the time of the greatest German need. Slave workers in the war industry were largely irreplaceable, and yet they were allowed to die. There is no proof that Russian POWs were fed any better in 1944 than in 1941. As Viktor Klemperer recorded in his secret diary, Soviet POWs in the factory in Dresden were starving abominably. I myself can testify to the spectacle of skeletal Russian POWs being beaten ferociously by their German guards in Hungary in the summer of 1944.

Clearly, as Mazower repeatedly says, there were too many German authorities, too many plans, too many expectations, too much confusion. It was a dark miracle that the system worked at all, but it did work, at least to a degree. The mind reels at the thought of what would have happened to the world if the Nazi system had truly been marked by the renowned German efficiency.

This remarkable book is crowned by several concluding chapters that place Nazi Europe into a historical framework and offer a few reflections on the future. Mazower explains that the Nazi revolution and the Japanese imperial expansion heralded the end of the European colonialist empires, and he raises the question of why so few people, even among the anti-Nazi resisters, understood that Fascist, National Socialist, and Japanese colonialisms were responses to challenges posed by the older European colonialisms. Wartime anti-Nazi resisters in France and the Netherlands were among the strongest advocates of preserving, with the force of arms, their countries' enlightened, progressive rule in the former colonies. All the European empires are gone now, and Europe exists within a modest but prosperous and humane framework. But Europe is only a small part of a teeming world, and it is unlikely, I think, that imperialism, the idea of expanding the grandeur of one's country or one's tribe and one's family at the expense of others, will ever disappear. ◆

ANTHONY RUSSO

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Tim Wu

THE NEW NEW MEDIA

THE FUTURE OF THE INTERNET (AND HOW TO STOP IT)
By Jonathan Zittrain
(Yale University Press, 352 pp., $30)

THE FIRST TIME Jonathan Zittrain gave a speech on the future of computing, he greatly surprised his audience. The year was 1985, and Zittrain was a magazine columnist and the "system operator" of an online forum for users of Texas Instruments computers. As a leading figure in the community, Zittrain was invited to speak at a big convention in Chicago. The surprise was that Zittrain had recently turned fifteen. No one had ever met him in person: when he was appointed system operator, sight unseen, he was thirteen.

Now Zittrain is older and more worried, as is evident from the title of his provocative and engaging book. Zittrain tells us that whatever the Internet's glorious adolescence, its middle age will be sharply shaped by the problem of computer security. "Today's viruses and spyware," he writes, "are not merely annoyances to be ignored." Zittrain has a graph showing the number of security incidents over the last decade, and it resembles the Dow Jones average over the 1990s. He predicts a coming crisis, grave measures, and, as "security problems worsen and fear spreads," broad acceptance of "some form of lockdown."

Facing a security meltdown, says Zittrain, we will see a flight to what he calls "information appliances." In his lingo, an information appliance is a device that connects to the Internet, like a computer, but is limited to a set number of functions—say, e-mail, Facebook, and phone calls. The archetype is the Apple iPhone, which from one angle seems like a big and powerful telephone, but looked at differently is just a tiny computer, locked down to prevent any possible security problems.

The idea of reliable Internet appliances may sound nice if you are sick of spam and sputter, but Zittrain does not like the future it embodies. He fears that the shift to appliances will quietly wreck what makes the Internet and even our age special: the Net's "generative" nature. "Generativity" is a central notion in his book, and he means what it says: that the Net has made us all mini-generators—not of electricity, but of information and innovation. Who today is not at least sometimes an online analyst, poet, or publisher, even if just of Facebook updates? But a generative Internet is almost by definition unsafe and insecure, because it needs to give its users freedom to do their thing. That means most efforts to secure the Net kill generativity. Hence the book's subtitle: "How to Stop It."

Zittrain, a moderate and an optimist, pleads for a middle way. He does want a safer and more reliable Internet, but he thinks that this can happen without sacrificing its spirit. While light on specifics, his vision of the future Internet resembles Mick Jagger circa 2008: older, safer, but still more or less rocking. I agree with Zittrain about a lot. Like him, I grew up as a computer and networking hobbyist—"geek" is the term of art—and we both saw and felt the radical genius in the PC and the Net. We worshiped the bearded Internet gurus and genius inventors such as Steve Wozniak. By 1997, when Zittrain and I met in a cyberlaw class, it was obvious that our hobby had gone mainstream, and anything seemed possible. Zittrain's book captures that spirit, most of all in his concept of generativity, which he defines as "a system's capacity to produce unanticipated change through unfiltered contributions from broad and varied audiences."

But I must part company with Zittrain over his main and more somber argument: that security crises will form the driving narrative of the Internet's future. I do not doubt that there will be never-ending security problems and reactions. But the question is not whether cybersecurity will matter, but whether it will matter most. Zittrain's security saga does not look to me like a full account of the future. He is leaving out many of the external forces that will change the Internet. One is the power of government, which, especially overseas, has begun reshaping the network to fit its obsessions. Another is the combined forces of language and culture, which are driving a once-global Internet into something more like a series of national ones: a Japanese Internet, a Spanish Internet, and so on.

But most important, the real story may lie in the power of industry structure and the long trend toward centralized control in the media industries. Over the last decade, the Internet has become interwoven with media and communications industries collectively worth trillions, with economics all of their own. Unlike Zittrain, I think that industry dynamics, more than a demand for safe appliances, will determine the future of this strange and extraordinary medium.

During this decade, the fates of the Internet and the media industries have become as linked as Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty during their Swiss hike. The two industries are in the midst of an epic struggle between two competing economic systems that are almost as different as communism and capitalism. The first, old-school scale economics, is behind most of the media empires of the last century, from NBC to Paramount, and it still powers firms such as AT&T and News Corp. It is a model in which bigger is better, products are standardized, and integration is massive. It is the model that ruled American media—and indeed American industry—for most of the twentieth century. Its rival is a model premised on the economics of decentralized innovation and content creation that we associate with the Internet—loosely, the generativity that Zittrain is talking about. These new economics underlie every successful online firm from eBay through YouTube, and are what have provoked the Internet's explosive growth. The collision of these two systems, I think, is where the future of the network will largely be found. It is, on one level, a clash between New York and Silicon Valley; but on a deeper level it is an ideological struggle over how information flows and who gets heard.

SOME CLUES TO the Internet's future lie in the past, or more precisely, in the fate of the Net's predecessors—the other new media of the twentieth century. I am referring to radio, film, and the telephone. All were once precocious young media, just as the Internet is now, but each grew into a very different type of industry after a few early decades. Their story can teach us much.

Consider the film industry. Many of us, Zittrain included, like to think of our times as a brave new age for small-scale creativity: consider the millions of amateur videos on YouTube. But this phenomenon is not unprecedented. It is, in fact, a rerun. In 1914, 4,229 films were reviewed by industry press, or more than

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eleven films a day, which is many more than Hollywood makes today. There was a first age of mass film-making, the early age of silent film, from about 1905 to 1915. In the age of 4,000 films a year, not every film was a masterpiece. Films were simple, silent, and short. Special effects were limited to actors falling down, furniture getting smashed, and guns being fired. There were no CGI graphics—for that matter, there was no dialogue.

But what the pictures of the 1910s lacked in budget, they made up for in diversity and randomness. The early era included films for the working classes and the rich; films made explicitly for Jews, Irishmen, and blacks; and mainstream films advocating socialism (*The Jungle*), anarchy, or white supremacy (*The Birth of a Nation*). So great was the demand for film and so short was the supply that, as on YouTube, anything and everything became a subject. As the film historian Lewis Jacobs wrote in *The Rise of the American Film*, "Half-remembered anecdotes, newspaper headlines, cartoons, jokes, domestic affairs, social issues, economic tribulations—all sorts of everyday American ideas and activities—found their way to the screen."

Broadcasting was another of the early twentieth century's "new" media, and in its infancy it, too, had a structure somewhat akin to today's Internet. Radio stations in the 1920s were cheap and easy to set up, and they were free from direct government regulation. (The FCC had not yet been established.) Radio manufacturers such as RCA and Westinghouse ran many stations to sell sets. But others were run by amateurs, radio clubs, churches, hotels, poultry farms, newspapers, the Navy, and at least one motorcycle company (the Excelsior Motorcycle Co. in Seattle).

While it sounds surprising, there were probably more broadcast radio stations in the 1920s than there are now (excluding satellite). A guide to the nation's stations in 1922 declined to provide listings for New York City, because "a list of all that can be heard with a radio receiver anywhere within three hundred miles of Greater New York would fill a book. At any hour of the day or night, with any type of apparatus, adjusted to receive waves of any length, the listener will hear something of interest." And early radio, like the early Internet, was aggressively non-commercial. At a radio conference held by the Commerce Department in 1922, all agreed that "direct advertising in radio broadcasting service be absolutely prohibited." Herbert Hoover, speaking at that conference, declared that "It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for news, for entertainment, for education, and for vital commercial purposes to be drowned in advertising chatter."

The point is that both radio and film were, in their early days, much like the Internet is today: new, unreliable, and full of content that was not ready for prime time. These were easy industries to get into, like dot-coms in the 1990s or Web 2.0 in the 2000s. To get into film in the 1910s required little more than converting a store into a movie theater, which is how William Fox (20th Century Fox), Adolph Zukor (Paramount), and Carl Laemmle (Universal) got their start. They were low-budget entrepreneurs, the Larry Page (Google) and Pierre Omidyar (eBay) of their day.

I do not mean to glorify the age of silent film or local radio. I have watched plenty of silent films, and there is much to be said for sound. I want only to insist that where the Internet is now, we have been before. What Zittrain calls a "generative" media was not invented by the Internet's founders. And that is why understanding what happened next may be our best guide to the Internet's future.

In the film world, Adolph Zukor, sometimes known as "the Killer," created a new and very different future for film. Like most of the Jewish and Irish movie moguls, he started small, converting a butcher shop into a theater, the Crystal Hall, in New York's Union Square in 1903. Slowly but surely he moved into film production, releasing the world's first "feature" film, *Queen Elizabeth*, in 1912. Sick of paying for distribution, Zukor took over Paramount Pictures in 1916, and moved his operations to Hollywood. In the 1920s, with production and distribution in hand, he began to buy all the theaters he could get his hands on. And when Zukor gained enough control over production and distribution, he began to force theaters to take his films in "blocks"—a whole set of films, or nothing at all. Similar to the method that the DeBeers cartel uses to sell diamonds, it guaranteed Zukor a market for his products.

Zukor, in sum, was building what we would describe as a fully integrated system (we now call it the studio system) for his product: a single company, Paramount, that controlled extensive amounts of production, distribution, and exhibition. And Zukor was not alone. Other men copied his model, creating Universal, Fox, Warner Brothers, and the rest of the big studios. What Zukor and his entrepreneurial colleagues and competitors created was, in a word, Hollywood.

If, in film, vertically integrated studios transformed the medium, in radio this accomplishment was the work of the network. In the early 1920s, AT&T invented the ancestor of what we now know as CBS, Fox, and the rest: BCA, the Broadcasting Corporation of America. AT&T was in a unique position to create a network, because it already had one: it used its telephone lines to link its radio stations in what it called a "broadcasting chain." At the same time, AT&T, breaking radio's early norms, pioneered the use of broadcast advertising—the hallmark of American radio and television ever since. Its first radio advertisement was for a housing development in Queens, urging viewers to leave Manhattan: "Get away from the solid masses of brick, where the meager opening admitting a slant of sunlight is mockingly called a light shaft, and where children grow up starved for a run over a patch of grass and the sight of a tree."

AT&T planned to make broadcasting part of its empire, and to assume monopoly power over radio. In a confidential memorandum written in the 1920s, AT&T managers wrote that "we have been very careful, up to the present time, not to state to the public in any way, through the press or any of our talks, the idea that the Bell system desires to monopolize broadcasting." But "sooner or later, in one form or another, we have got to do the job." Eventually AT&T backed off, beginning to fear the antitrust breakup that would come sixty years later, and sold its radio network to the Radio Corporation of America. BCA was relaunched with new owners but with similar goals: a radio broadcasting monopoly with better quality and more coverage than anything ever seen before. And so NBC was born—as a recasting of AT&T's original monopolistic plan.

Both NBC on radio and Paramount in film took advantage of the same economic principles: massive scale, integration, and centralization. They borrowed the industrial methods of Standard Oil, Ford, and other great corporations of the day, and applied them to the new media. The result was a system stable enough to last from the late 1920s until the 1990s, and in the case of Hollywood, a system that is still roughly in place today.

The rise of NBC and Paramount, of the networks and the studios, fundamentally transformed how Americans got information, and that is why I think industry structure is so

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important to the future of the Internet. With the power to produce in just a few hands, gone were the thousands of films of the 1910s, replaced by far fewer films of much higher production quality. Gone, too, was the ideological diversity and artistic edginess, replaced by what we now know as the Hollywood ending, enforced by a production code drafted by the Catholic church. Even Betty Boop, a sexy film cartoon from the 1920s, became a more restrained "maiden aunt" with lower hemlines.

During the same period, radio's local amateurs were replaced with prime time and national programming: light entertainment that was much more popular and better produced, such as the soap opera *Guiding Light* or the situation comedy *I Love Lucy*. Network radio and television were also, unlike their non-commercial predecessors, fundamentally a vehicle for advertising. Most early shows were written and produced by ad agencies. As Walter Lippmann, a founder of this magazine, observed in 1959, "while television is supposed to be free, it has in fact become the creature, the servant, and indeed the prostitute, of merchandising."

All this suggests that the central question for the Internet in our time is not whether the urge to improve security will go too far. It is, rather, whether the Internet will meet the same fate as film and broadcasting. Is economic integration so irresistible that centralization—and the consequent homogenization of content—inevitable? Or is there something different about the Internet, about its technology and its design, that may be lasting and powerful in its own way?

History does not always repeat itself, to be sure; and it is possible that the Internet is different. Its most fundamental feature, after all, is a radical separation of distribution and content, which is the very opposite of the NBC/Paramount system. Unlike on the TV networks or in Hollywood film, the Internet's users have great power to decide what they want to see or do online. So far neither the owners of content, such as NBC, nor the owners of the wires, such as AT&T and Comcast, have managed to take control of those choices. Moreover, there is no longer the scarcity of the golden age of old media centralization: our problem is that we have too much information, not too little. This plenitude, and the Internet's basic neutrality as between uses and content, has created the generative nature that Zittrain celebrates. The next time you hear the phrase "net neutrality," you should know what it means: it is the principle that makes the Internet different from radio, television, or film.

The Internet's wall between content and distribution also creates considerable power for those who can harness it. It is little appreciated how dependent the Internet's business models are on a neutrality in the infrastructure. The plain fact is that Google, Amazon, YouTube, and eBay have no content of their own. They generate money by connecting people with information that they want—and so they depend on a network that allows anyone to reach anyone, more or less on equal terms. Facebook and MySpace similarly create nothing. They use the Internet's pervasive interconnection to recreate social networks.

None of these firms owns any content, but they are the new media of our day. Their model is almost the exact opposite of the NBC/Paramount system. The media empires of the last century mastered their distribution networks first, and used that power to direct Americans to the content they owned. They sought, as Fred Friendly once remarked, "exclusive custody of the master switch." The old media firms earn revenue in almost exactly the opposite way as the Internet firms: by controlling and directing consumers, rather than trying to make them free.

These new- and old-media models have already collided. In the 2000s, AOL and Time Warner took the biggest and most notorious run at trying to make the Internet more like traditional media. The merger was a bet that unifying content and distribution might yield the kind of power that Paramount and NBC gained in the 1920s. They were not alone: Microsoft in the 1990s thought that, by owning a browser (Explorer), dial-in service (MSN), and some content (*Slate*), it could emerge as the NBC of the Internet era. Lastly, AT&T, the same firm that built the first radio network, keeps signaling plans to assert more control over "its pipes," or even create its own competitor to the Internet. In 2000, when AT&T first announced its plans to enter the media market, a spokesman said: "We believe it's very important to have control of the underlying network."

Yet so far these would-be Zukors and NBCs have crashed and burned. Unlike radio or film, the structure of the Internet stoutly resists integration. AOL tried, in the 1990s, to keep its users in a "walled garden" of AOL content, but its users wanted the whole Internet, and finally AOL gave in. To make it after the merger, AOL–Time Warner needed to build a new garden with even higher walls—some way for AOL to discriminate in favor of Time Warner content. But AOL had no real power over its users, and pretty soon it did not have many of them left.

Today, unlike in Zukor's day, the Net also has its own industrial guardians—firms such as Google and eBay, which have a vested interest in maintaining the medium's open structure. These firms made billions relying on a system in which they did not have to own content, and they do not want to start now. They are joined by non-profits, and also by government, which, after all, funded the Internet in the first place. The FCC, under its Republican chairman Kevin Martin, has warned companies such as AT&T and Comcast not to try anything funny, and has punished them when they have done so. Finally, the Net's first and last line of defense is its armies of geeks, who regard upholding the network as a kind of home defense. These facts should provide solace for some of Zittrain's anxieties. In 2008, anyone who wants to wreck the Internet needs to get around the FCC, or co-opt Google or kill it, or—worst of all!—face hordes of wrathful geeks. The future of the Internet may not be as bleak as Zittrain imagines.

What is worth worrying about, ironically, may be less the future of the Internet and more the future of the media. The media industry's attacks on the Net can be scary, but they can also be understood as death throes. These industries are famously in decline. But it would not be right just to dance on their graves. At some point the question to be asked is whether there is any way to save what was good about the twentieth-century media empires. Every time I watch a good television show or an interesting piece of reporting, I feel as one might while eating roast panda: it is not exactly a sustainable diet. Again, the twentieth-century models had every pathology of centralized systems—overplanning, immense waste, a certain inhumanity. They are to media as the Soviet system was to widgets. Yet there was one thing that the system did wonderfully: it generated a surplus of cash from which occasionally came great content.

After a decade of asking how we can save what was good about the old media, there is still no clear answer. Whether we will see Zittrain's security crisis I do not know, but from where we are now the odds of a great media crash look pretty good. From such an eventuality, only the worst of the media cockroaches, the base and the vain, would survive. And that may be the future we need to stop. ◆

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Washington Diarist

Important People

These are the times that try men's resumés. Maybe it is the swift emergence of Washington as the capital of status anxiety, in the transition's tilting of egos and elbows; or the restoration to prestige of "the best and the brightest," all shadows gone, and the return to power of liberal credentialism; or the fact that Congress could find $700 billion when the mandarins of New York needed it but could not find $14 billion when the workers of Detroit needed it—whatever it is, I am tiring of very important people. I never saw the owl of Minerva fly through Harvard Yard. In a society as wounded as our own, there is something repellent about the assertions of elitism. Its most awful expression, of course, is the acquiescence of almost everybody in the dynastic ambitions of the Kennedys. I can almost not imagine a more obvious mutilation of the meritocratic ideal than the appointment of Caroline Kennedy to the United State Senate. A Senate seat is a fucking valuable thing, you just don't give it away for nothing. But of course it will not be given away for nothing: the princess and her family will be delighted to pay for it. Ever since this democratic indignity was broached, the really smart talking point has been that she has the money for her eventual campaigns. In Michael Bloomberg's city, this is all you need to know. After all, the next mayoralty of New York will have been decided over breakfast by two billionaires who have their respective uses for term limits and the strategic manipulation of them. Bloomberg appears to regard term limits as an unwarranted governmental interference in a free market: no sooner did he announce that he would prefer not to relinquish his rule than he let it be known that he will spend $80 million on his campaign. If his record in office is so sterling, why does he have to buy it back? More important, when will the authority in American life of the oligarchy of Manhattan finally come to an end? The wantonness of their capitalism was widespread and systematic, and it injured millions of lives. A society may be measured by whom it admires. No class of Americans has done more to damage America than the financial class. A generalization is an ugly thing, but every day's newspaper refreshes my impression that the titans, the insiders, the big players, the boldfacers, the movers and the shakers—the *hoshover menschen*, as we say where I come from—have been, many of them, fools or thieves.

I'm hollering, I know. But recently I have been spending some of my hours teaching little schoolchildren and helping a frail and beloved woman with her food, and I have been reminded of all the life that flows past all the fanciness. There are so many worlds in the world. A friend of mine is slowly dying on Park Avenue—"the gates are closing," he declared the other day—and it makes Park Avenue look stupid. Its insulation does not work. It holds back the imagination of misfortune, which diminishes the scope of natural sympathy—so that, say, Caroline Kennedy is only now discovering Syracuse—and inculcates the illusion that fate has an A-list. The result can be quite poignant. In *The Year of Magical Thinking*, the document of a struggle between the sense of mortality and the sense of privilege, Joan Didion recorded her humbling discovery, at the bedside of her dying daughter, that even "the very successful" are helpless before their finitude. "They believed absolutely in the power of the telephone numbers they had at their fingertips, the right doctor, the major donor, the person who could facilitate a favor at Justice or State. … I had myself for most of my life shared the same core belief in my ability to control events. If my mother was suddenly hospitalized in Tunis I could arrange for the American consul to bring her English-language newspapers and get her onto an Air France flight to meet my brother in Paris." Her mother was lucky in her daughter, but the belief in social class must never be allowed to reach so deeply into one's understanding of life. In these days of dread I prefer to linger over all the people who have never been able to facilitate a favor. The media that used to be fascinated by the pleasures of the rich is now fascinated by the pains of the rich, but the fascination is the same, and it contributed to the bubble that burst in all our faces, and it interferes now with what we really need to know. When I read the papers I skip guiltlessly over the desperate sales of jewels and summer homes and go straight to the accounts of unglamorous desperation, of ordinary people helping each other because otherwise they would be even more powerless than they are. In the reports on the villainous Madoff, I am not especially moved by the tribulations of Palm Beach. In the pieces on bailout and stimulus I search for the euphemism for common decency known as "foreclosure mitigation." Often I search for it in vain. This crisis has not yet made a single community out of this country.

And in this solidarity with the demos, a moment of silence. Bettie Page, goddess of the demotic-erotic, has died. She was America's retort to Baudelaire, giggling through sin, twinkling in depravity, emancipating darkness from torment: the jollies, indeed. Above the neck, day; below the neck, night: she broke new ground in fantasy with her paradoxical ideal of play. Was objectification ever less dehumanizing? The power of her image owed much to the commonness of its settings—the cheap, tattered furniture in the Klaws' "studio," the industrial siding on the walls barely disguised by the shabby drapes, was an invitation to transformation. When the external resources are small, the internal resources must be large. And Bettie Page had more integrity than any celebrity of our time, because she walked away from it. If, in our madly outer-directed and Facebooked society, obscurity is the true virginity, then she was, ropes and garters and all, a good girl. Among the delicacies in my library, alongside *Sefer Hasidim*, Bologna 1538, first edition, Salman Schocken's copy, and the *Collected Poems of Edward Thomas*, London 1920, first edition, foreword by Walter de la Mare, is *Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin-Up Legend*, by Karen Essex and James L. Swanson, Los Angeles 1996, first edition, inscribed by its subject. Here is her signature:

A ripening, curvaceous, disciplined hand; a happy American hand; the hand of an important person.

Leon Wieseltier

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